Week ending March 3 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

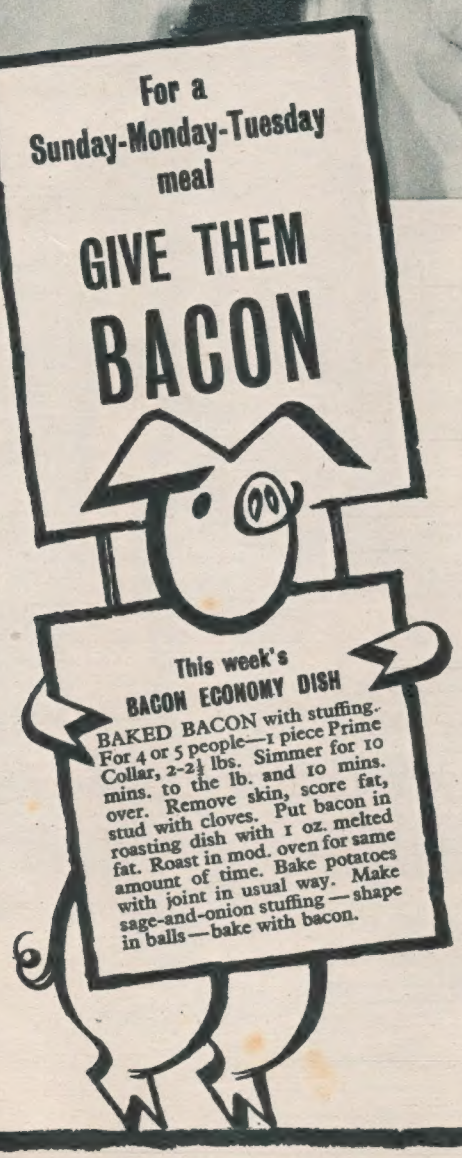
JOHN BULL

BEGINS INSIDE

ZOO QUEST

by David Attenborough

"Bacon for Sunday dinner — smashing!" say Brian and Jeremy Bromley of Leeds. It's their mother's favourite, too. She usually gets enough to last over Monday and Tuesday, as well. Saves her time, work and money!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TEMPLE BAR 2468 MARCH 3 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2592

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

THE MAN IN DISGUISE *by William Brandon* 12
FERGUS AND THE FIERY REDHEAD *by John Davies* 19

Articles

MAYFAIR'S KINGS OF FLAIR *by Antony Ferry* 15
TOUGHEST RACE IN THE WORLD *by John Sandilands* 22
PAIN PASSES HIM BY *by Rex Grizell* 27

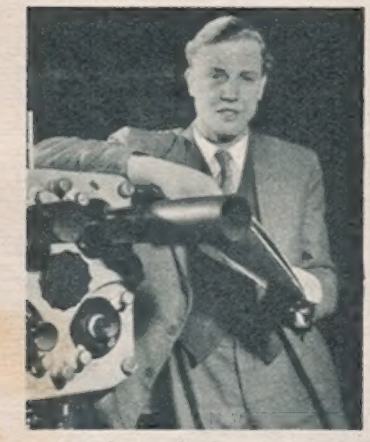
Serials

ZOO QUEST (Part 1) *by David Attenborough* 7
ISLAND IN THE SUN (Part 5) *by Alec Waugh* 24

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. WISDOM: 28, 32, 34, 39, 43, 45. SPOT THE LAWBREAKER: 33. OPEN TO VIEW: 36

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR



Attenborough the producer. "Zoo Quest" made him a TV personality in his own right

PTOLEMY the tortoise and Pecko the budgerigar are the only animals that greet David Attenborough, the TV producer, when he gets back to his Richmond home after filming wild life for *Zoo Quest* (page 7). "I can't leave my wife with two children *and* a menagerie to look after while I'm away," he says. His wife Jane, Robert, aged four, and Susan, not yet two, see his programmes on *Children's Television*.

Attenborough's TV work has included twenty editions of *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* and Mervyn Levy's painting series. He recalls three of his programmes with special interest. For *Life, Death* he hit on the idea of using ballet dancers to interpret a short story. In *It's A Small World* he used the cameras to show the detail of tiny objects. And the *Song Hunter* series was the first occasion on which he presented ordinary people in entirely unrehearsed situations.

The *Song Hunter* technique had its snags. The members of an Irish ceilidh band were so swept away by their traditional tunes that they leaped to their feet and started jigging round the studio—and away out of camera range. At the beginning of one edition, when Alan Lomax, the folk song collector, took up his guitar he found that the hot studio lights had put it out of tune. "He had to keep rushing outside to tune it—a string at a time between songs."

REX GRIZELL likes to enter as fully as possible into the spirit of his articles, but when he was investigating the case of Frank Sweetman, the man who feels no pain (page 27), he decided that it was unnecessary to share more than one of the pain-tests given to Sweetman at St. Thomas's Hospital in London.

A tourniquet was tightened on Sweetman's arm until the pulse was obliterated. Then he was asked to open and close his hand repeatedly. After five minutes the test was stopped, as Sweetman felt no pain and seemed ready to continue indefinitely. When a doctor carried out the same test on Grizell, the pain was so great that it had to be stopped after ninety-eight seconds.

While he was investigating the music hall offers Sweetman has had, Grizell learned that there was once a man known as The Human Pincushion, who for a time made a good living in America by being publicly burned with matches and hit with pickaxes. But he became so ambitious that horrified audiences protested, and The Human Pincushion had to give up his macabre livelihood.

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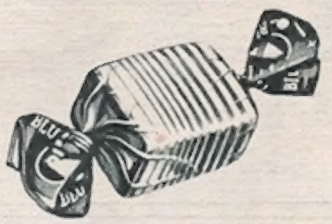

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Free Speech

- Are the farmers in clover?
- Goats can rout killer dogs
- Quick march to dead-end jobs

ONCE again the farmers are making an attack on our pockets. They want a producer-controlled board to be set up to monopolize the distribution of more than ninety per cent of home-produced eggs.

As the farmers will have the power to fix minimum prices, I suppose we shall be faced with more expensive eggs, just as dearer potatoes followed the formation of the potato marketing board.

Eighty per cent of our eggs are home-produced. With controls on the importing of foreign eggs there will be nothing we can do.

Haven't the farmers squeezed enough from the long-suffering public? Since 1896, they have been getting more and more relief from rates on their land and agricultural buildings, on which they have paid no rates at all since 1929.

Now they are being subsidized sufficiently to pay every farmer in Britain an average of about £1,000 a year!—O. P. FRENCH, London, N.21.

Dangerous Journey

In January, 1942, I "bolted" from the M.V.D.—the Russian secret police—near Irkutsk. I had an advantage over Rawicz and his companions of *The Long Walk* in having with me a Soviet Army uniform, a western suit and a padded Russian suit.

I travelled two thousand miles on foot, by sledge and train, identified in turn as a convalescing soldier, a Polish diplomatic courier, and a plain nobody. My target—which I reached after four months—was the Samarkand and Bukhara region of Soviet Asia.

I witnessed murder, and the utter misery of Soviet refugees; I was stopped three times by the M.V.D., but with God's help, and forged documents, I reached Bukhara on May 4. By August 18, that year, I was fighting for the Allies in the Middle East. I was barely seventeen at the time.—J. P., Leeds, 6.

Tic-tac Referees

When an Austrian team was playing at a floodlit match in this country, the referee overcame the language difficulty by gesticulating with hands and body. Still, it would be better if referees knew at least a few appropriate words in the language of the visiting team, to avoid arguments.—W. R. CURRIE, Finaghy, Belfast.

"Suitable signals leave no doubt in the minds of players or spectators," says the Referees Association. "It is too much to expect referees to know South American or East European tongues. But usually, in games with foreign teams, interpreters are available on the touchline."

Island Bugle

Alec Waugh must have been confused when he wrote ("Island In The Sun," JOHN BULL, February 4) of the Last Post sounding while the Union Jack was lowered at dusk.

During my army days, Retreat was sounded with the lowering of the flag at sunset; the Last Post was at the end of the day—usually at 10 p.m.—followed by Lights Out fifteen minutes later.—D. HOWARD-SMITH, Shakespeare Avenue, Hayes, Middlesex.

This is still the rule at home stations, unless otherwise ordered. Overseas, the timing of the calls may be altered to suit local conditions, but invariably it is Retreat that sounds at sunset, and not the Last Post.

Guardian Goat

On holiday in Northumberland, I was told that a billy-goat I saw among a flock of sheep was an excellent guard

against marauders, and had accounted for several killer dogs.—MRS. R. W., Bishop Auckland.

Jury Muddle

In England and Wales, a qualification for jury service is that you must occupy property rated at £20 or more—or a minimum of £30 in London and Middlesex. So, because of revaluation, thousands more citizens will become eligible to serve on juries.

Dare I suggest that the whole system of eligibility is brought up to date?—J. GOLD, St. Albans, Herts.

"The system is hopelessly archaic," says an elections officer. "Property ownership is no longer a sure indication of wealth, for some big Victorian houses were assessed at perhaps £18, while the figure for modern 'semis' may have been £23 or more. Also, there are many anomalies caused by exemptions from jury service."

A committee of the Association of Municipal Corporations is examining the muddle before the 1957 jury lists are drawn up in October.

Peaty Tweed

What has happened to the glorious earthy peaty smell that once accompanied jackets made from Harris tweed? Has it been deliberately "bred" out of the material?—H. L. G. HEATH, Reading, Berkshire.

"The open peat fires in crofters' cottages gave the tweed its distinctive smell," says the Harris Tweed Association. "The enclosing of fires, and the consequent lack of 'smell,' are two of the advantages—or penalties—of progress."

Rush Hour Bookworm

Town dwellers who complain that the bustle of daily life allows them little time for relaxation get no sympathy from me.

Travelling to and from work, I spend about two hours a day in buses and trains—one day in twelve of my waking life, allowing for weekends and holidays.

Using this time, I read the whole fifteen works of Proust, the French novelist, in four months, and later successfully studied for a professional examination.—J. BARNES, Edmonton, London.

Regular Privilege

If a family attends church regularly, I can see no reason why it shouldn't have its private pew ("Free Speech," February 4). It will be a sad day for churches if they have to rely on casual worshippers, who attend only on special occasions.—T. JOWETT, Prescot, Liverpool.

Years Of Waste

A report issued by the King George's Jubilee Trust says that the period between a boy leaving school and doing his National Service is "a positive adverse influence," and that "irresponsibility can become a fixed habit of mind."

On the other hand, a Ministry of Labour White Paper claims that "there is no evidence that National Service causes any fundamental upset." This in spite of the increase in cases of teen-age drunkenness, immorality and crimes of violence.

The prospect of call-up encourages youths to drift into well-paid but dead-end jobs. They have no desire in life except to have a good time while they can.

Yet the White Paper smugly assures us that no problem exists.—D. MORTON, Birmingham, 27.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

MOST of the way to the altar, a bridegroom has his head in the clouds. Petts's cover bride-to-be let her wide-eyed innocent propose, buy the ring and choose the honeymoon locale—and all the time she wore a studied air of surprise. Then, bang, the masculine myth is shattered at the vicarage. Getting down to brass tacks brings a painful shock when a groom finds that his wedding has been planned just like a Trooping the Colour. Why, that demure schemer knows how many paces there are to the altar—and the banns haven't been read yet!

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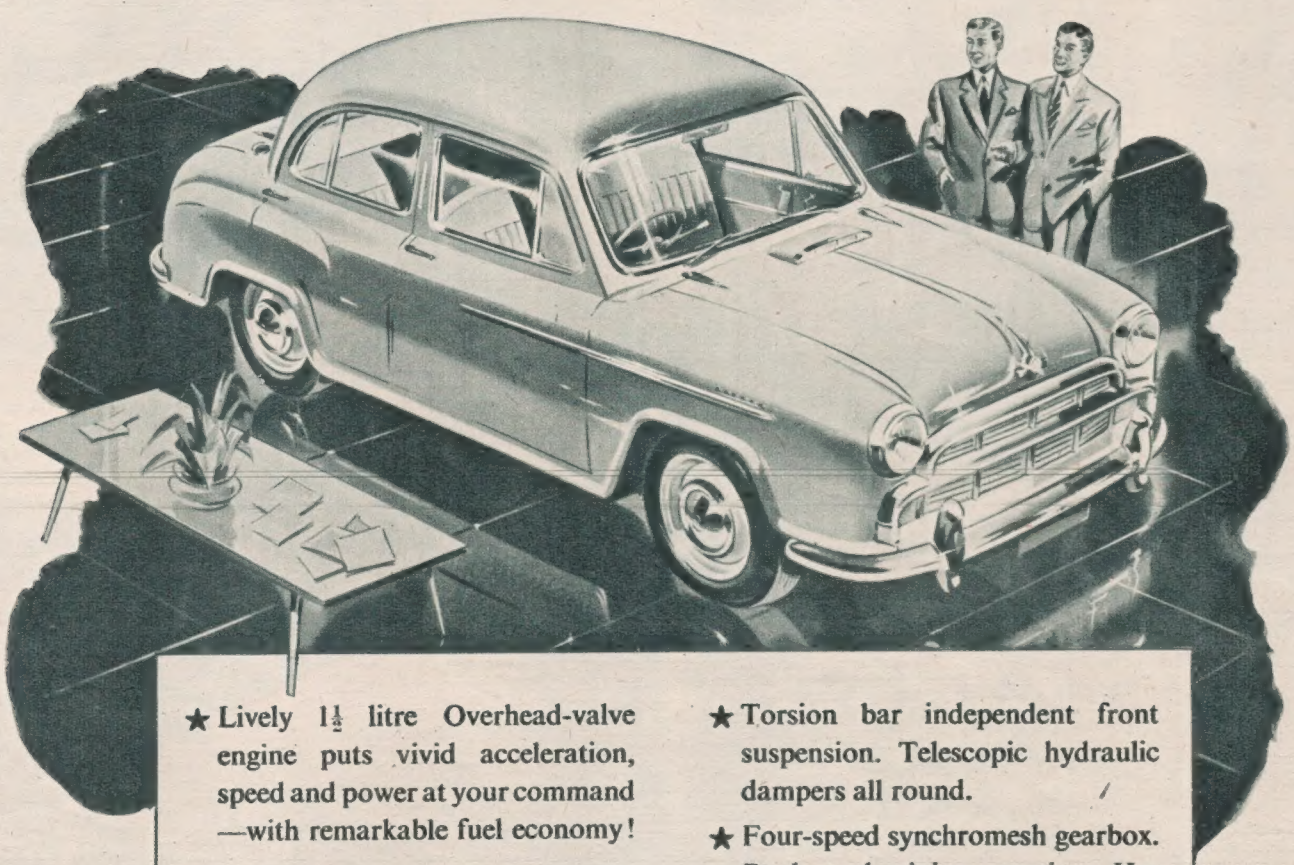

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C.242C. (56)

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH, TV producer and star, begins the fascinating story of his adventures on the B.B.C.'s . . .

Zoo Quest

During Attenborough's second Zoo trip—to British Guiana—a rancher (right) shows him bead aprons worn by the Macusi Indians

While travelling in the savannah country of Guiana, Attenborough caught this ant-eater by the tail. It escaped, and was lassoed

THE boulder rose before us in the forest twilight. Forty feet high, it jutted beyond the tops of the trees. A few lianas trailed down its overhanging face. Termite hills shaped like grotesque mushrooms clustered round its foot. If our guide was right, this was the nesting site we had come so far to find.

So far, everything had been easy—too easy, I felt. On the previous afternoon, we had arrived in the village of Mandu in central Sierra Leone and I had asked W. B. Williams, the African agricultural officer, if he knew where we could find *Picathartes gymnocephalus*. This was the bird it was our prime aim to photograph and capture in our first B.B.C. Zoo Quest.

Although I had been a television producer for two years my work had never before taken me farther than France. Now I was

At his Richmond home, David Attenborough shows trophies of his television Zoo journeys to his wife, Jane, and their children, Robert and Susan

Crossing a hammock bridge near Musaia, where Attenborough's expedition made its base during the Zoo Quest in Sierra Leone

looking for a bird which no European had ever seen on its nest; a bird which had never lived in captivity. *Picathartes* is so rare that it has no English name.

Williams had said: "Sure! I will take you tomorrow morning."

Today, he had led us through the village and into a rice swamp. We waded through the tepid muddy water and then started the long climb up the hill beyond. There were ten in our party: Jack Lester and Head Keeper Alf Woods, both of London Zoo, Charles Lagus, our cameraman, myself, our guide and four Africans who were carrying our cameras, recorders and stands.

THERE were no paths. We had to cut our way through the tangled undergrowth with machetes. Huge worm-casts made the going slippery, and when we caught hold of branches to steady ourselves they were either covered with vicious spines and razor sharp leaves or swarming with ferocious ants. We persevered for an hour. Suddenly, we saw the boulder.

Jack and I went ahead of the others. The vast grey rock towered above us. At first, we could see no nests. Then we pushed through a curtain of lianas and there, stuck to the rock about ten feet up, were three mud cups.

I felt a pang of anxiety. Perhaps the site was deserted. I lifted Jack up so that he could feel in the nearest cup. "Nothing there," he

Normally, an African boy sits in this shelter and scares birds from the crops with his sling. Now Charles Lagus crouches there with a camera and waits for emerald starlings

called down. The second too was empty. But in the third he found two eggs. They were warm.

As we had planned, we had arrived at the beginning of the breeding season. This was important because past experience suggested that the only way of bringing back a live specimen of *Picathartes* was to take a chick and rear it by hand. We decided to leave the site and return in a few weeks when the eggs would be hatched and the chicks fledged. We could then photograph the parents sitting on the nest and take our specimens.

As we were leaving, there was a flutter of wings and one of the birds flew round the corner of the boulder. We had a momentary glimpse of black and white feathers before it executed a neat turn and disappeared again.

We started the walk back to Mandu and again it crossed my mind that everything was turning out too well. I did not know then what heartaches we should have to suffer before bringing back a live *Picathartes*. . . .

We had landed at Freetown ten days before and immediately I felt frustrated. Here we were in a strange continent with praying mantis flying in at the windows, and at night the mingled noises of frogs, cicadas and tropical birds. I longed to make straight for the forest. Instead, we had to rush about the city completing our preparations.

One night we were invited to a cocktail party. Inevitably, there was a woman who knew my brother Richard when she lived in Leicester, the city in which we were brought up, and a naval officer recently out from Britain, whose favourite television programme was *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?* Up to a few weeks before, I had been producing it.

Then came the crowning frustration. A guest who had evidently missed our host's introduction asked why we had come to Africa. "To film and collect animals," I replied.

"But you've come to the wrong place. All the animals are in East Africa."

I explained that for the last thirty years a stream of photographers had brought back from East Africa superb films of elephants, lions, hippopotamuses and other big game. Many of them had spent years at the job. In three months, we could not hope to compete with them. We had come to West Africa because it was comparatively unexploited.

"But there *aren't* any animals in Sierra Leone," he insisted. "I've lived here for twenty-five years and I've seen only two—a small snake and a ground squirrel. And you can't tell me I don't use my eyes because I'm an amateur artist. In my opinion," he concluded pityingly, "you'll be lucky if you see half a dozen animals —looking hard."

Being new to the colony, I was unable to contradict him. Three months later, when we returned from the bush, I tried in vain to find him. I wanted to show him the four hundred animals we had collected.

After four days, we were ready to move to Njala, which we intended using as a centre. We were given a lift in a car. Our kit followed in a five-ton lorry we had hired. We had 30,000 feet of film, two cameras, a tape-recorder, stands, nets, collapsible cages and food and vitamins for the animals we hoped to catch. We also carried camp beds and blankets. We took little food for ourselves because we could buy it locally. We left Freetown on a good tarmac road but it soon deteriorated into laterite, a red soil which gives off clouds of dust. The countryside was monotonous bush. Sierra Leone has many rivers but few bridges and several times we had to queue for ferries. We arrived in Njala in the late afternoon.

NJALA consists of a score of whitewashed houses built on a series of small hills through which a wide river meanders. Each house is surrounded by immaculate lawns and beds of hibiscus, bougainvillaea and other flowers. Farther out are groves of oil-palms, pineapple trees and various crops in which the Agricultural Department is trying to interest the Africans.

That night we dined with Theo Jones, the Assistant Director of Agriculture and an expert on the colony's wild life. In the next few days Theo helped us to plan our itinerary. Meanwhile we unpacked our stores, overhauled our equipment, and set up the cages we intended leaving at Njala. We also started our collection.

On the day of our arrival, Jack had been excited by the sunbirds. Small, brilliantly coloured, they hovered over the flowers sipping nectar with their thread-like tongues. The very next morning, he made up a rubbery substance and smeared it over the twigs on which the birds alighted. Once they touched it, they stuck fast. After an hour or so, he had caught five of them.

I now began to appreciate the talents of Alf

Jack Lester with Alf Woods, who is holding a *Picathartes* chick, a bird so rare that it has no English name. At first the chick would eat only frogs—more than sixty a day

Attenborough (with binoculars) bird-watching with Jack Lester and Alf Woods in swamps near Musaia. They saw glossy starlings, darters and woodpeckers

Woods, a tough, pessimistic fresh-air enthusiast in his fifties, who is Head Keeper of the Bird House in the London Zoo. The birds were fed on diluted honey which dripped from a small test tube with a spout at the bottom. At first, they refused it. Alf held the bird in his hand, and moistened its beak with his tongue. He then applied its beak to the dripping test-tube and the bird immediately started to feed.

We did not confine ourselves to wild life. An agricultural officer named Walter McNabb took us to a village where he had arranged for us to see a snake dance. The snake-dancer came out of his hut to meet us. He was a tall, evil-looking man wearing a net shirt, a loin-cloth and iron rattles bound to his shins. He carried the snakes in a gaudily painted box under his arm. We expected they would be pythons which are non-poisonous, but, when he opened it, we found it contained two black-and-white cobras, which are highly poisonous.

Jack asked if he could examine them. The dancer said he could. Taking each in turn, Jack picked them up by their necks and forced open their mouths with a bottle-opener he kept on a key-ring. "The fangs have not been tampered with," he said. "The poison is still there."

Charles Lagus had already set up his camera where the villagers had gathered in a clearing. The band of three treble drums and a bass now struck up and the dancer started to shake the rattles on his legs. After a few movements, he took the snakes out of their box and wound them round his neck. Continuing his dance, he uncoiled the snakes and threw them from hand to hand.

Then came what we thought was the climax. Holding one of the snakes just behind the fangs, he looked it straight in the eyes, opened his mouth and inserted its head. He closed his lips over it. After a few seconds, he pulled it out and we could see it slobbering venom. He repeated the process with the other snake.

But we were mistaken. This was not the climax. The dance went on. Charles had just swivelled his camera to get some crowd shots when the dancer bared his arm and taunted one of the snakes. It struck and drew back hissing. The dancer lowered his arm so that the blood trickled down to the yellowy-white of his palm where it was more clearly visible.

Seeing Charles's disappointment, our boy called out to the dancer: "The masters no see. You do 'um again."

Completely unperturbed, the dancer provoked the other snake into biting him while Charles took pictures.

WHEN we came away, the question uppermost in our minds was: how did the dancer survive injections of such a deadly poison? Jack suggested that he could have milked the snakes of their venom by getting them to strike at a piece of cloth, but even so, in the period before the dance, they would have secreted more poison, certainly enough to knock out a normal man.

Jack remembered some scars, about half the size of a finger-nail, that he had seen on the arms of the dancer's apprentice. He suggested that the apprentice, and presumably the dancer before him, had been inoculated with venom from an early age and had acquired an immunity to the small amount of venom left after milking.

Two days later, we drove to Mandu, a fair-sized village on the lorry-route to the north, and asked W. B. Williams if he knew where we could find *Picathartes*. There was no rest-house in Mandu and, after making an arrangement for the following morning, we continued to Mongeri, a tiny village on the far bank of a river.

There had been some political trouble and when we stopped, Africans gathered round, staring sullenly. We jumped down. "Where be de chief's sergeant?" I asked. A man wearing khaki drill and sergeant's stripes hurriedly sent off two villagers to fetch the chief.

The chief was a large man with grizzled hair. He was dressed in a white robe. He led us to a large concrete building which was his official residence and had chairs placed on the veranda. The whole village then gathered round. Jack took out a picture of *Picathartes* and held it up. "You savvy dis beef?" he asked. In pidgin English, all livestock is "beef."

The Africans peered and craned their necks. They saw a painting of a crow-like bird with a slate-grey back, a cream underside and a long black tail. Its bald head was a pale lemon yellow with a black patch on top. Jack handed down the picture. They stared at it, turned it upside down, scratched their heads. Then someone mumbled: *"Gborkondi."*

Gborkondi is the African name for *Picathartes*. "Yes, yes. We savvy *Gborkondi*," the others shouted. Jack said that we were looking for the bird and that later we would ask them to show us where it bred. He made it clear that we did not want specimens.

Next morning, after visiting the nesting-site with Williams, we returned to the Mongeri rest-house. The African watchman was waiting for us. He looked at us impassively and then, without a word, stretched out his hand. In it, he held a *Picathartes* chick. We felt both a wild excitement and black despair. We were excited because we now had in our possession a live specimen of this rare bird. We felt despair because the African had almost certainly ruined a potential filming site. Also, it seemed

Africa women pounding cassava to make flour. In the villages that Attenborough visited the women did most of the work—at home and in the fields

An African harpist hears a recording of his own music. In one village, Attenborough played a tune on a *balange*, a primitive sort of xylophone

extremely doubtful that we should be able to keep the chick alive while we were trekking round the colony in a bumpy lorry.

The African was looking pleased with himself. "How come you get dis thing?" we asked. He had misunderstood us the previous day and thought we wanted specimens immediately. In his own time, he had walked fifteen miles to the nesting site and back. There was nothing we could do but reward him for his trouble.

I had thought up the idea of Zoo Quest while producing Julian Huxley's programmes *Animal Patterns*. Would it be possible, I wondered, to combine this type of programme, which showed live animals in the studio, with that which showed, on film, animals in their natural surroundings? If we could show the same animal first wild, then being caught and finally on the studio table, it would be even more exciting.

An ideal partner for such an expedition would be Jack Lester who had helped me to select animals for the Huxley programmes. Jack was one of the most experienced animal collectors in the country. Before the war he had been a bank clerk in Sierra Leone and had spent all his spare time studying and collecting wild animals. On demobilization from the R.A.F., he had worked full-time in zoos and was now Curator of Reptiles at London.

When I mentioned my idea, he was enthusiastic. We discussed which country we should visit. With his contacts, Sierra Leone seemed an obvious choice.

"Are there any animals which would particularly interest the zoo?" I asked.

"Emerald starlings. They've never been seen in captivity."

Unfortunately, emerald starlings are a brilliant iridescent green with amethyst patches on the belly and cheeks. On black and white television, they would look commonplace.

"Is there another bird, equally rare, which would *look* impressive?" I asked.

"There's *Picathartes*," he said. "I collected two adult specimens three years ago. But they died before I could get them to the coast."

When both zoo and B.B.C. agreed to our mounting the expedition, *Picathartes* became our primary objective. We should also look for emerald starlings and collect any other animals we came across.

After two days at Mongeri, we took stock.

Since we could do no more work on *Picathartes* until the eggs hatched, we now decided to look for the emerald starlings. Theo Jones had told us we should probably find them in the far north. The next morning, we set off for Musaia, a village with a comfortable rest-house which he had recommended as a base.

THE 150 miles to Musaia took two days. The going was rough. We had pumped up the tyres too hard and the five-tonner bounced in the pot-holes. The laterite dust poured in and, mixing with the sweat, rapidly caked our faces with masks of deep orange. Besides our driver, there was room for only one of us in the cab and we took it in turns to sit there nursing the *Picathartes* chick in a small cage. So far, it had refused to eat. We felt certain it would die. Late on the second day, we arrived at Musaia.

The Musaia rest-house is known throughout the Agricultural Department as Paddington Station. It is a bungalow, much bigger than most and equipped with a bathroom and a large veranda on which Alf set up his cages. Apparently out of chivalry, Jack insisted that Charles and I take the room next to the bathroom while he shared another room with Alf.

Our courtesy visit to the local chief next morning was pure music-hall. The village lay about two miles from the rest-house along a narrow bush trail which joined the main approach road just in front of the village. I had just turned into the main road when I became aware of an African a few yards behind me. He looked extremely frightened. Raising a primitive gun made out of lead-piping, he fired it with a deafening explosion. "My goodness," I thought. "We're in hostile territory."

I looked round. The rest of the party were apparently uninjured. There was a second explosion at the gate of the village and drums began to beat. The African who had fired the first shot stood transfixed. I asked him what was happening. He rolled his eyes and said: "Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Welcome Your Excellency."

The only person addressed as Your Excellency is the Governor of Sierra Leone. Gradually it dawned on me that we had been mistaken for the Governor and his official entourage who were then touring the colony. "Sir," said the African. "The chief awaits you."

It took us some time to convince him that I was not the Governor. He then shouldered his gun and ran to report a false alarm.

When we followed, the chief, still surrounded by minor chiefs and ceremonial dancers, came to meet us. He was a big man, with flowing white robes, striped with red. He wore a sort of fez and had a Mohammedan amulet round his neck. "What you come for?" he demanded.

I said: "We come for beef."

Jack hastily added. "We bring you gifts, fine gifts of cartridges. But we come back later."

The chief leaped into activity. "No. I take the gifts now," he said, and snatching the cartridges out of Jack's hand, disappeared into his hut. We left as unobtrusively as we could.

When we called again next day, the chief told us that the Governor was not due for three or four days. The sentry had been posted in case he came early.

We passed round pictures of the birds and animals we wanted caught. We understood that emerald starlings arrived in flocks at this time of the year, but as they rarely came down from the tree-tops we wondered whether the Africans had ever seen them. They recognized the picture immediately. "We catch," they said.

Meanwhile, we were worried about *Picathartes*. We had now been in Musaia two days

and although Alf had tried grasshoppers, crickets and small pieces of chopped meat the chick had still not eaten properly. It was getting weaker and seemed clearly about to die. That morning, Jack happened to notice a small frog sitting by the veranda. He caught it and offered it to *Picathartes*. The chick swallowed it at once. He went out and caught some more. The chick had its first real meal in four days.

We now had a daily frog hunt. *Picathartes* was eating twenty frogs at a sitting and demanded to be fed three or four times a day. After a time, it became difficult to find frogs and we were seriously considering moving camp to virgin territory when Alf managed to wean it on to meal-worms, meat and an occasional frog as a luxury. For the first time, we were beginning to have hopes of the chick surviving.

Now the first animals began to arrive at the bungalow. One man brought an emerald starling in a cage. The next day, three more came, and the day after, another four. Hoping to get material for a programme, Charles and I persuaded one of the catchers to show us how he snared them. He took us out to a neighbouring field, spread out *bug-bug* (the African name for termite larvae) and set among them forty or fifty small string snares. We hid for a whole morning at the side of the field but the starlings failed to come down.

By now, a stream of animals was pouring in—finches, bulbuls, kingfishers, glossy starlings, mongooses, galagos, squirrels and antelope. One day, some hunters brought in a baby chimpanzee in a cage. Chimpanzees are a pest in Sierra Leone and they had shot its parents. We christened the baby Jane.

Jane was extremely frightened at first. Whenever anyone went near her, she scratched and screamed. For the first day, she refused to eat anything. Then Jack persuaded her to try some sweetened condensed milk and within a week she had turned into an affectionate pet. We kept her in a tree near a bungalow. Whenever we passed without noticing her, she stamped and screamed until we turned back and cuddled her.

We now had a settled routine. Most days, Alf tended his rapidly growing zoo while Jack and I went out looking for wild animals. Charles came along to take pictures.

The first time we saw Jack display his talents was late one night. We had just got into bed when a boy rushed into the bungalow shouting, "Sir, massa, big, big snake. Come quick." Stopping only to pull on boots, we dashed out into the forest in our pyjamas. By the side of a track lay a Gaboon viper, about four feet long.

Jack quickly sized up the situation. "Get me a stick and a box," he said.

I ran back to the bungalow. Gaboon vipers have a bite which may kill a man and I imagined Jack wrestling with it in a life and death struggle. When I got back, I found all our boys gathered round for the excitement.

The snake was still lying by the track. Jack took the stick and pushed it underneath the snake about two-thirds of the way along its body. He raised the stick and, balancing the snake carefully, carried it to the box. He opened it, tipped the snake inside and closed it again.

We all looked at each other, hardly believing it was true. Then suddenly the boys let out great guffaws and fell rolling on the ground. Africans are quick to spot an incongruity.

Jack had now established with the natives a tremendous reputation as a snake-handler. But he was not only a handler. He had a large and detailed knowledge of snakes and indeed a positive affection for them.

I shall always remember the incident of the pythons. There are two sorts of pythons in West Africa, neither of them poisonous. The Royal Python is handsomely marbled in black and yellow and is so inoffensive that, when disturbed, it tucks its head into its middle and rolls itself into a ball. The Sebe Python is similarly coloured but it will strike at anything.

We had two Royal Pythons in a box and fed them on dead mice caught in the hut. One morning I noticed that a dead mouse from the previous day was still lying in the box and was already beginning to putrefy. I did not know that Jack had recently added a Sebe Python and reached in to remove the mouse. The Sebe struck violently and buried its fangs in my thumb. I let out a yell. Jack came running. "I hope," he said, "that you haven't injured its fangs."

We soon discovered why Jack had so generously given Charles and me the room adjoining

Continued on page 29

Wading through swamps, Lester caught crocodiles by blinding them with a torch and grasping them by the neck. If the beam wavered, they submerged

Filming travelling scenes near Musaia. The party took 30,000 feet of film, two cameras and a tape recorder to West Africa

When Attenborough went to this village, he was greeted with drums and guns. A sentry thought that he was the Governor

The man in disguise

He was a penniless peasant. . . . No, no—he was a millionaire film director. . . . *Non, non*—he was a snare for Monsieur le Duc

by ***WILLIAM BRANDON***

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY BAILEY

THE International Film Festival is one time when Cannes lives up to its self-styled description as the City of Elegance. The place is chock-full with producers and directors by the dozen, stars by the score and starlets by the hundred, from every known country and the islands of the ocean sea.

Inside stories of feuds and romances among the cinematic mighty are heard on every corner, and the town seethes with big financial transactions. Fans wait outside the Palais du Festival and swirl in squealing packs around actresses in the streets.

The glittering atmosphere of Film Festival time is highly pleasing to my friend Monsieur le Duc. In his profession, which is shifty antique dealing, he finds good hunting, and the whole town is companionably engaged in his favourite avocation, which is talking about large sums of money and the great people attached thereto.

Not having any credit of his own, Monsieur le Duc gets a simple and rather touching pleasure out of the mere nearness of money. In fact, it instantly triggers a whole complex of ancient aristocratic instincts in him.

"*Alors, mon ami,*" he said to me one day, when I had stopped by his café table to be touched for a *vin blanc*, "look where a million pounds is walking by." He indicated a tall, thin young man strolling along the Croisette.

"That is Linneus Stapp," Monsieur le Duc said. "He is a famous European director. He is a great genius; and before he makes each picture, he spends months in hiding in some remote village, inspiring himself by writing odes in Greek. A droll type, indeed. He has just been paid a million pounds to join a new company, and consequently he will feel obliged to make his next film the greatest of all. He is now looking for an unknown actress to play a leading rôle in it."

A beautiful brunette whom I recognized as an Italian starlet named Nina Trina rushed up to Linneus, put her arms around his neck and uttered glad cries. He disengaged himself carefully and strolled on. . . .

My job as European representative of the British Carburettor Company has little in common with Greek odes, and I more or less forgot about Linneus Stapp. As the Film Festival drew on towards its close, bikinied young actresses posed in coveys for last-chance photographs. Alfa-Romeos and Mercédès-Benzes were warmed up for departure. And Monsieur le Duc's ward, Jeanne Alziary de Barçillon, came to town.

This was highly unusual. Customarily, Monsieur le Duc made a pilgrimage once a year to her mountain village of Charbery to see her. She was the daughter of an old friend who had

died during the war, charging Monsieur le Duc with her upbringing.

Monsieur le Duc had placed her in a convent for her education; and when she was seventeen, he had got her a job as shop assistant with the village baker, where she sold *croissants* and *brioches* at the counter and, riding a bicycle and towing a little cart, delivered long loaves of bread to the regular customers.

On the café terrace with Monsieur le Duc, she wore a black wool hat and a simple black dress and dark cotton stockings. She had never been to Cannes before, and she was overwhelmed by its magnificence. She clapped her hands in delight at everything.

Monsieur le Duc was waiting for a bus to take her back to her village. Jeanne, now nineteen, wanted Monsieur le Duc to return with her and pass judgment on a youth who aspired to her hand in marriege. I was done with work for the day and offered to drive them out.

The village of Charbery, in a mountain valley laced around by fields of spring flowers, looked like a valentine. We got out of the car in the narrow main street and Jeanne pointed out a tall, skinny young peasant playing *boules* in the dusty village square. He was wearing a beret and the felt slippers called *pantoufles*, and his chin was furred with a stubble of whiskers. It was Linneus Stapp.

Monsieur le Duc said: "That is he?"

"Ah, yes," Jeanne said tenderly, with a fond smile.

"You are mad. Do you know who he is?"

"A foreigner, I know. Perhaps from Lyons. He is a mushroom hunter."

"He is a what?"

She began to be frightened. "But you mustn't think I care about that. I love him truly, and his condition doesn't need to matter."

"*Seigneur!*" Monsieur le Duc said, to heaven.

Jeanne said pleadingly: "Anyway, I know that without a dowry I can't hope for a husband of property. The grocer's son wanted to court me but his father wouldn't allow it. I was secretly glad, too, because I didn't like him."

"Look, my child . . ." Monsieur le Duc said, and then didn't know how to go on.

"Please!" Jeanne said, in a heartbroken little voice. "He's so kind and good and nice. Isn't he tall and handsome? I can never love anyone else."

"Silence!" Monsieur le Duc said sternly. "Listen, Jeanne. Answer me. Do you know his name?"

"Ah, of course! Linne."

"And precisely how long have you known him?"

"This is the second spring he has come to Charbery, but last year he only smiled at me."

"*Alors!* And this year?"

"He talks to me and looks into my eyes. He touches my hair with his hand. He smiles. We laugh at everything together. He's in love, just as I am."

"He has said so?"

She was shocked. "Oh, no!"

"He has asked to marry you?"

She gazed at Monsieur le Duc wide-eyed, beginning to suspect that he was teasing. "Ah, *mon Dieu*! No! First I must have your permission naturally."

"And after you have my permission?"

"Then I'll wait for him to ask," Jeanne said primly.

"But how do you know he will ask?"

"Why, one knows!" Jeanne said in astonishment. "You will give your permission, Uncle Roger?"

Monsieur le Duc shrugged helplessly. He said: "Yes—when he asks."

She threw her arms around him and hugged him.

He said, "But listen, *ma belle*. I know something of the world. Don't be too certain he will." He glanced over her shoulder at me with suffering eyes.

For a moment she bit her lip in doubt. She said, "But I'm going to dance at the *Fête de Violettes*. That's when he'll ask. You wait and see."

She ran across the square to her room above the baker's shop. Linneus Stapp winked at her, and she waved.

Monsieur le Duc said: "The poor *petite*. It will be a tragedy."

He was sunk in an unhappy reverie during the drive back to Cannes.

I thought myself that Jeanne was charming enough to melt even a heart of stone, which Monsieur le Duc indubitably had, and it was

"Isn't he tall and handsome?" asked Jeanne. "I can never love anyone else." She spoke in a heartbroken little voice

She threw her arms round him and hugged him. He glanced over her shoulder with suffering eyes. "Listen, *ma belle*," he said

touching to see him so deeply troubled about her.

I said, "Are you sure that's really Stapp?"

"No question. He left Cannes several days ago. No one knew where he went. It's his seasonal seclusion."

"Why didn't you just tell her who he is?"

"He would simply leave the village, once it was known there."

"That might be better for her."

"But not for me," Monsieur le Duc said. He added, with his noblest air: "To be the one to destroy him for her, you comprehend."

A few days later I found myself near Charbery and decided to pass through on my way home. Outside the village I saw Stapp riding a donkey down a lane of olive trees. They both seemed deep in thought, or perhaps asleep.

Around the next bend I came across Jeanne, going the other way with her bicycle bread-cart. Out of her town-going black clothes and in a Provençal-blue skirt and blouse, bare legged, with a ribbon tied in her hair, she was like a shaft of the sun of the Midi. She wasn't beautiful; she was enchanting.

She jumped off the bicycle and ran to my car. She said: "We've just been talking. Did you see him?" She ran her fingers up and down the edge of the car door. She was very happy.

In a nearby field, a group of girls began to sing. They were in bright-coloured costumes and seemed to be harvesting roses.

I asked Jeanne if they were practising for the fête.

She said: "No, they dress like that every day. They've just come to Charbery. I think they might be gipsies. Once when I was walking with Linne and we passed them, they all began to dance. They dance awfully well."

I noticed Linneus Stapp riding by on his donkey on the far side of the field. Jeanne busily dreaming, didn't see him. When he was gone, the girls stopped singing. They all seemed to be extraordinarily pretty, although they wore more make-up than was usual for village girls.

Their costumes, with low-cut blouses and flaring short skirts, were not like any I had seen before in France, or for that matter anywhere else. They looked like a film producer's idea of what merry peasant girls might wear. I would have sworn one of them was Nina Trina, with her hair dyed red.

In Cannes, I found Monsieur le Duc at his café table on the Croisette.

I said: "How much did you get for selling the information that Linneus Stapp was at Charbery?"

He looked startled and innocent.

I said: "A dozen hungry starlets! They're all over the landscape out there. Somehow they found out that Linneus Stapp was in hiding there while he prepared for his next picture—and looked for an unknown to discover and turn into a star. How much did you get from each of them? Ten thousand francs? Thirty? Fifty?"

Monsieur le Duc sighed and spread his hands. He said: "Come, come, my friend. You talk as though it is a crime."

"It was unfair to Jeanne."

"You're not suggesting I should have taken seriously her talk of a grand romance? Well, then! It had to end some time. It is just as well to end it with a slight profit."

"It's a cruel way to end it."

"A great pity, I agree," Monsieur le Duc said.

"And there's the matter of the profit itself. How much did you clear, from all of them?"

"Only a little over a million," Monsieur le Duc said, not without some pride. "A hundred thousand apiece. I believe I could have gone higher."

"Didn't it occur to you that Linneus Stapp might be serious about her after all?"

Monsieur le Duc waved a hand. "Fantasy!"

"I mean as the potential star he is going to discover," I said.

MONSIEUR LE DUC thought about that. He swallowed. His prominent Adam's apple appeared to be trembling.

"In which case," I pointed out casually, "you, as her guardian, might reasonably have had a share in her success."

"*Ma foi!*" Monsieur le Duc whispered.

"Compared with which, a million francs would be paltry pottage indeed," I added. "It seems to me Jeanne—and you—had the running all to yourselves until you revealed Linneus Stapp's whereabouts to the competition. Now it's a wide-open race at best, and at worst Linneus Stapp will decide they're all frauds and clear out of the village in disgust when he begins to realize his incognito has been peddled like a basket of fish. Seen in this light, your little deal has all the appearances of cutting your own throat."

Monsieur le Duc gave me an ashen look. He said: "I have been three times an idiot."

I left him gazing bleakly into space. . . .

On the day of the *Fête de Violettes* I drove out to Charbery. The starlets were in evidence, very colourful, but with a dispirited air. I didn't see either Linneus Stapp or Jeanne. When

Continued on page 46

Norman Hartnell was made an M.V.O. in the Coronation Honours. He designed the dress the Queen wore at her Coronation

Mayfair's kings of flair

by ANTONY FERRY

Twelve men reign supreme in the dazzling world of haute couture. Their splendour puts flamboyance into fashion

Charles Creed and one of his 1956 models in lace. Tailoring skill has a drawback. "I make suits too well. They never wear out"

AN impeccably dressed man in his late forties crossed the dining-room of the Ritz Hotel in London one afternoon, stopped behind a seated woman and discreetly removed her hat. He then returned to his table where a bemused colleague was waiting for lunch.

With a minimum of fuss, the *maître-d'hôtel* asked for an apology. But the man simply presented his card and walked out, leaving his friend to explain.

"Mr. Charles Creed," said his colleague, "does not know where the lady bought her dress, but it has been inspired by a creation of his and he feels that the hat is simply irrelevant."

The cult of Haute Couture—high fashion expressed in terms of hand-made clothes—is overrun with flamboyance of this kind. The twelve men who are its leading practitioners—Creed, Amies, Cavanagh, Hartnell, Mattli, Morton, Michael, Owen of Lachasse, Paterson, Stiebel, Sherard and Hyde-Clarke of Worth—are often referred to as The Mayfair Mandarins.

They are self-elected members, paying one hundred guineas a year to join, of a small coterie whose collective utterance decides next year's fashions. There are many other designers outside the small kingdom that the twelve rule around Park Lane, Piccadilly and Grosvenor Street. About a thousand small couturiers have windows and workshops in Knightsbridge, Shaftesbury Avenue and Oxford Street, but the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers is oblivious of their efforts. As one excluded couturier says, "We just make clothes."

In an atmosphere of crystal, gilt and expensive period furniture, the top twelve make modes.

"The difference," says Rahvis, who designs on the outer fringe of the kingdom, "is a matter of a few hundred guineas and a label."

The top twelve are bound to show at least two collections a year. These contain from twenty to a hundred creations each, all designed and made up in the couture house at a cost of about £3,000 and shown there over ten or more weeks. As many as four thousand clients and overseas buyers see each collection by special invitation. Private clients pay up to £120 for an original two-piece suit, as much as £80 for hat and gloves accessories, and £350 or more for a ball gown.

Shrewd overseas buyers detecting the merest sign of a new fashion line emerging from a couturier's collection may decide to lease the patterns for mass production, at a reduced cost, in other countries.

With enough of both kinds of customer, the couturier can sometimes recover his £3,000 investment within the first ten days of a show. However, many of the top twelve operate on such an opulent scale that a gross of £65,000 is necessary before each house can begin to show a profit.

It is the extent to which a couturier is copied, either by the leasing of his designs or by outright piracy, and not the amount of profit he makes which determines whether he is at the top of the top twelve at any given moment.

After months of secret and fevered sewing, Mattli once went for a quick stroll along Oxford Street with a friend a few hours before his new collection was to be unveiled. He was tense and nervous until they passed the window of a small fashion shop where three plaster mannequins were draped in last year's fashions. But each article of clothing had been brought up to date with a detail copied from a new and still unveiled Mattli creation.

HIS trained eye recognized his own new line in a skirt and in a jacket, and an out-moded dress was improved with a new flared cuff design of his.

A fourth plaster mannequin wore a coat which made use of the complete silhouette of one of his cherished originals without copying any of the details.

The friend expected Mattli to burst into the shop, but he seemed to take a bright view of the incident. "Let's hurry back to the salon," he said. "Now I *know* that my collection will be a sensation."

John Cavanagh achieved a definite signature or style to his designs in 1952 and was invited

The Queen saw these clothes designed by John Cavanagh in 1952. He became one of the top twelve after only one collection

At his home, Michael Sherard sketches a design for a ball gown. "Originality is the criterion," he says. "Copyists are out"

Mattli, too, has used lace in his spring collection this year. The couturiers boost Britain's exports

Ronald Paterson designs a dress on a model. Couturiers "create." The others "just make clothes"

Digby Morton took a collection of fashions to Paris in 1950. In it was this "spiral" line short coat

Hardy Amies talks fashion with his head fitter, Mlle. Odette. A couturier, he says, operates with "great extravagance"

to join the society six weeks after his opening. It was the first time that a couturier had been taken into the fold after showing only one collection.

"We don't really know how we are chosen," says Michael Sherard, the only one of the twelve who does not go in for plush carpets, chandeliers and uniformed commissionaires. "Originality is the criterion. Copyists are out. The obvious factor which leads to the cherished invitation to join the twelve is flair."

Deciding who has flair is done by a secret ballot of the members, of which there have never been more than a dozen. When one of them drops out, as one did because of failing sight, it is sometimes two years before a replacement with enough flair is found and invited into the circle.

With rare exceptions—Victor Stiebel once showed a collection to three hundred women in Holloway prison—the top twelve seldom venture from the precincts of Mayfair with their collections, and are only rarely seen by the women who visit their salons.

Each has a core of clients who can afford to put £1,000 or £2,000 a year into a wardrobe. The majority spend from £70 to £500 a season. All visitors are screened and prices are hardly ever mentioned. The shows are launched with champagne, although lately many clients have shown a preference for cocoa.

When a couturier is called from the fitting room to sit beside a particularly "difficult" client, he manages to preserve an air of detachment while the customer may be ticking off a ball gown valued at £300 and three suits on a cream-coated card. When an indiscreet customer asks about prices, the answer is passed on a folded sheet of engraved notepaper.

Each year, the couturiers do a brisk £2 million trade, yet it is often difficult to reconcile the cult of high fashion with the world of competitive business to which it belongs. Indirectly, the top twelve stimulate an additional £500 million turnover each year in the allied clothing trades.

The Board of Trade, for example, actively encourages haute couture and believes that the society, by its exclusiveness, has gained world-wide prestige and given the textile industries a wider market than ever existed before the war.

"The reactions of overseas buyers to the haute couture collections can drastically affect British textile sales and the output of ready-made clothes," says a member of the British Man-Made Fibres Federation. Dollar markets would have lost interest in British textiles long ago, according to this source, had the couturiers not promoted fashion-consciousness in the Lancashire and Yorkshire textile mills.

SEVERAL years ago, Digby Morton encouraged a textile group to put out a small line of modern printed fabrics. When an American firm bought the rights to mass-produce some shirts which Morton had designed specifically for women, he took along samples of the printed fabrics. He turned down so many American cloths that eventually the manufacturers defied him to produce better ones. He showed them the British samples.

Just before production started, at the rate of eight thousand shirts a day, the British textile group received an initial order for 30,000 yards of printed fabrics. They were woven in Lancashire mills.

Since the war, haute couture has become the glittering showcase for British textiles—an industry which gives employment at better wages than in France to half a million men and women. Yet Victor Stiebel, who was once a camouflage expert in the army, has described dressmaking as "the lowest form of creative art." There is, he says, "only occasionally a dress evolving out of one of my collections which I do not actively detest."

Charles Creed, whose salon is overrun with 15,000 lead soldiers of the Napoleonic era worth £5,000, has said that these, and not clothes, form the greatest collection he has ever made.

"They are being facetious," says Morton. "We have for too long regarded fashion as something to be slightly ashamed of, really rather effeminate, when in reality it is one of Britain's most important industries."

Paradoxically, however, few of these leading exponents of hand-made clothes could stay in business without the help of mass-produced garments and small dress shops that they run on the side to sell ready-mades. By modifying their own designs so that they require less material and fewer fittings, and selling them downstairs, most couturiers are able to use the resulting profits to stabilize the business upstairs which, according to Hardy Amies, "is run, at best, with great extravagance."

A GOWN designed not long ago by Amies required four months to bring to completion from the original sketch. It took fourteen and a half yards of brown velvet which cost £80 before any time was spent on it. About twenty employees, earning from £2 10s. a week as assistant hands to £1,000 a year as fitters, spent two weeks cutting a *toile* or pattern from Amies's design, shearing into the velvet, fitting it on a model, basting and making adjustments, and finally sewing it together.

An intricate embroidery of jet beading took another two weeks to finish and cost more than £35, excluding labour costs. Nine and three-quarter yards of stiff black net, three and a half yards of taffeta, a zip, a sixteen-inch belt, a yard of petersham, two whale bones and a quarter of a yard of crêpe also went into the gown. All this, labour, tax and a name tab resulted in a total cost of £280.

Several copies of the model were sold for £300 each. The original had to be almost completely written off. It was cut to fit the model who displayed it, and was sold downstairs at a loss of £265.

Many of the couturiers admit that they are defeated by the very tailoring at which they excel. "I make suits too well," says Creed. "They never wear out, but I can't make them any other way."

Although the prestige is important, the value of belonging to the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers is problematical. The standard atmosphere of muted gilt and crystal in their spacious salons is costly to maintain. Most of the members pay more than £1,000 a year for premises which, at most, can house four collections a year.

With the exception of Creed, who was born into the trade, the top twelve individually became dressmakers despite parental opposition. Mattli, a Swiss, began by criticizing the clothes worn by his twelve sisters. Cavanagh, an Irishman, was offered a Paris job with Molyneux when he was seventeen. He picked up the pins that the great couturier dropped in his wake.

Hardy Amies, who is a royal dressmaker along with Hartnell and Stiebel, was given his first job with the House of Lachasse after he described in a chance letter a dress worn by a woman at a hunt ball. Peter Russell, no longer a member of the society, made patchwork quilts as a boy and still indulged in his passion at the peak of his career by sewing together the pieces left over on the cutting room floor.

When Digby Morton took the first collection of British haute couture to New York in the autumn of 1952, he earned the name "Daring Digby." A Saks fashion buyer boggled at the flair. "We thought," she said, "that British women were still wearing tartans and dog-tooth checks."

THE END

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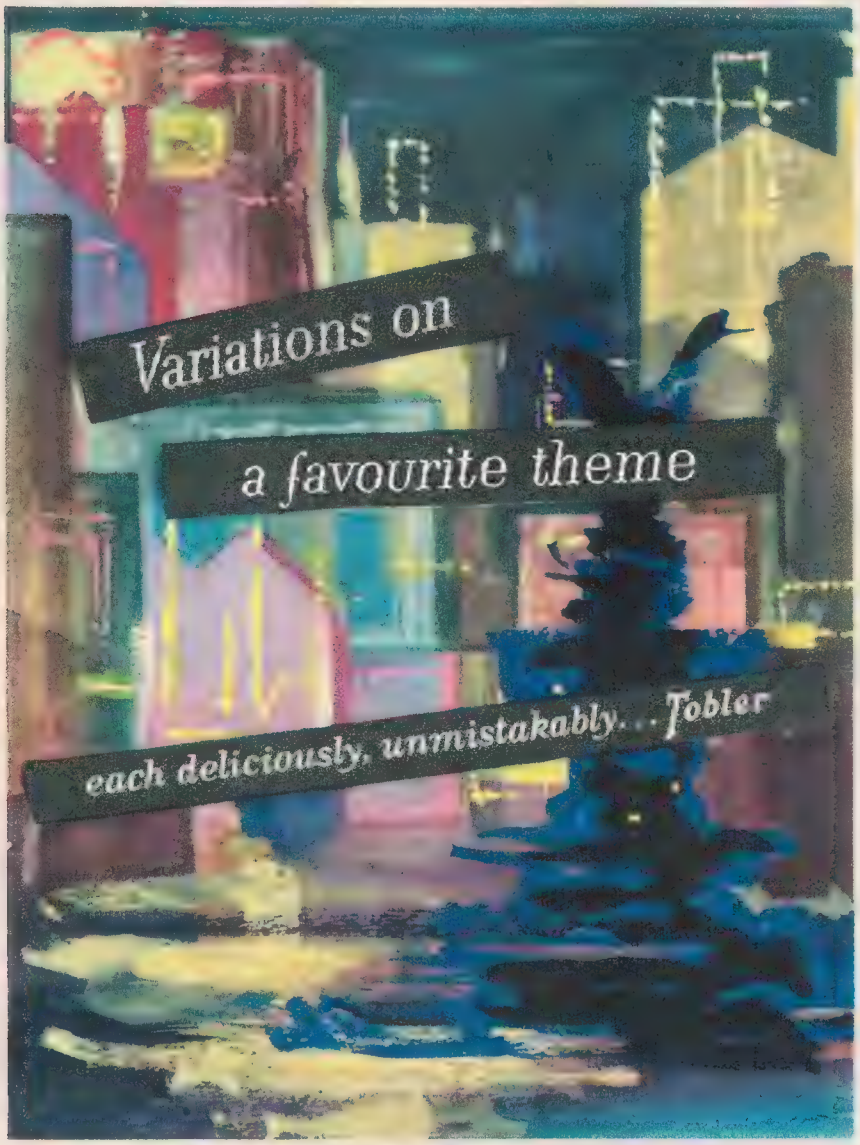

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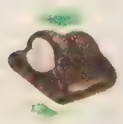

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Fergus and the fiery redhead

by JOHN DAVIES
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

She was proud and stubborn—a holy terror when roused. And she'd even compromise a man to get her own way

"He thinks his luck will change now that you've come," she said. Fergus didn't say anything. He didn't want to spoil the moment

YOUNG Fergus came down to Dunleven on a fine, bright summer day when the sea was a misty blue and the gulls flashed white in the sun. He was looking for the wharf of the Caledonian Towage And Salvage Company, and he frowned when he found the place, because it wasn't a bit what he'd expected.

There was just a shabby board with the company's name on it, stuck up over a few dingy yards of harbour wall. There was a solitary, battered, ancient old tug lying alongside the wall, and a broken-down shed in the background with the word "OFFICE" over the door.

The Caledonian Towage And Salvage Company certainly compared very poorly with the Atlantic Towage Company, which Fergus had passed a few minutes back, with their spick-and-span waterfront and three sturdy, modern, ocean-going tugs lying neatly in their berths.

But nothing ever daunted young Fergus for long, and he was soon telling himself that there was no going by appearances.

He went jauntily across to the office, opened the door and went in. Inside there was an old codger sitting on a tall stool at a high, narrow desk.

"Heard there was a job going here," Fergus said easily, standing in the doorway, the big young bulk of him blocking the light. "How would I get to see the boss? Jock Anderson they tell me his name is."

The old codger glanced round. He said: "You're looking right at him, laddie."

Again, just for a moment, Fergus was taken aback. He'd put the old boy down as a clerk. But then he relaxed and grinned. Come to think of it, this old chap with the sea-faded blue eyes and scrubby grey hair had a fine, salty look about him. He was a tugman all right.

"Heard there was a berth going on one of your tugs," Fergus said.

"One of——?" Jock Anderson turned round on the stool, put his big, scarred hands on his knees and looked at Fergus. "You're a tugman?" he asked.

"Aye!" Fergus grinned again.

"Around these parts?"

Fergus shook his head. "Ocean Salvage, up in Glasgow," he said. "A fine big firm. Too big for me. That's why I'm away down here, looking round on my time off. I'm after something smaller, where there's a bit more chance

Fiona's eyes flashed. "Exactly what are you referring to?" she demanded

of getting on." Fergus paused. "They told me up in the pub you're needing a mate."

Jock said: "Then they were having a wee game with you, son." He nodded towards the window. "Unless you fancy a berth on her out there?"

Fergus stared. "On that old tub?"

"On that old tub," Jock said. "She's the Caledonian Towage And Salvage Company."

Fergus still stared, blankly. "You mean—just her?"

"Just her!" Jock Anderson said dryly. "She's all we've got. And do you know what she does? She tows garbage. But she's got the power. Sometimes, when she's lucky, she tows a hull up or down the river, from one yard to another, but most of the time she's got a string of stinking scows behind her. Is that the sort of job you're after—mate on a garbage boat?"

Fergus didn't answer. His disappointment was written plain on his stubborn, good-humoured face.

"It's true we're wanting a mate," Jock went on more gently, seeing that look. "But what I was thinking of was some old stager who just wants a bit of a job for the end of his days."

Fergus stood there silent a moment longer. Then he pulled himself together. It was a disappointment, but it was no good crying over it.

"Aye," he said slowly. "Well, thanks for telling me. And . . . I'm sorry," he added, without quite knowing why.

He was turning away to the door when a girl came in. She was a tall slip of a girl in faded dungarees. Her red hair was tousled by the sea breeze blowing outside, and her eyes were offshore green.

She checked when she saw Fergus. "Oh . . . if you're busy, Father——"

"Come away in, Fiona," Jock said. "The laddie is just leaving." He glanced across at Fergus. "My daughter," he said. The dour look on his face softened as he added: "Ship's cook and general hand, and never a better in the world."

"You mean she works on the tug?" Fergus asked, astonished.

The girl's green eyes flashed. "Is there anything wrong with that?" she asked.

Fergus stared at her. "No," he said, "except it's the first time in my life I heard of such a thing."

Jock said quickly: "The young man heard we had a berth going."

Fiona drew a deep breath, checking the retort that had risen to her lips. She looked at Fergus, taking in the height and the breadth and the ready strength of him. "Are we taking him on, then?" she asked.

Jock shook his head.

"But with someone like him——"

"I've just explained how things are," Jock said. "He can see there's nothing here for him."

Fiona's eyes flashed again. She looked at Fergus. "Too good for the job, is that it?" she demanded.

"Well," said Fergus mildly enough, but with a spark of anger brightening inside him, "there doesn't seem much in the way of prospects."

"Then we won't be keeping you," Fiona said.

The spark suddenly flared. "And I won't be staying," Fergus said shortly. "Good day!"

He went out, shutting the door a good deal too hard. Outside he stopped, wondering just what had happened. Then he walked off across the wharf, feeling a trifle light-headed.

He came level with the old tug, and winced a little when he saw that she was called Fiona. He stopped and stared at her, thinking what a queer outfit the Caledonian Towage And Salvage Company had turned out to be—a solitary, broken-down old tub towing garbage scows, with a bunch of ancient mariners and a bad-tempered red-headed girl on board!

Then he noticed that at closer quarters the Fiona didn't look so bad. She was old, but

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Rockley and Thérèse . . . . drawn by Petts

H. E. BATES

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BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

sturdy, and he could see that she had been taken care of. She was clean, and there was a good deal of red lead about her where she had been touched up recently.

It struck him suddenly that the splashes of red lead were precisely the colour of Fiona Anderson's hair. He turned and walked slowly away and, gazing absently out over the harbour, it seemed to him that the sun-sparkle on the water was exactly like the sparkle in Fiona Anderson's eyes. . . .

Fergus lost way steadily as he walked on along the wharf. Then he stopped. And then he turned round and went back. He walked into the Caledonian Towage And Salvage Company's office again.

"About that job," he said. . . .

FROM then on Fergus spent his time towing garbage and fighting and falling in love with Fiona. Never before had he met a girl with such a fierce and passionate spirit, nor anyone who was such a holy little terror when roused.

He soon found out what made the sparks fly worst. It was the thing that had caused her to flare up so at their first meeting, and that was any criticism of her father and his business. The merest hint that things weren't perhaps as rosy with the Caledonian Towage And Salvage Company as they might have been was enough to wake the very devil in her.

Fergus himself grew to like Jock Anderson a lot, and he certainly admired his skill as a tug-master. The way he took the Fiona and her long, unwieldy tow through the Gullet, the narrow inshore channel that saved a couple of hours steaming on the way out to sea and the spoil grounds where the garbage was dumped, was nothing short of masterly. And he felt sorry for the old boy too because, although Jock was too dogged and cussed to admit it, the firm was clearly foundering.

To build up a fine towage business had been the ambition of Jock Anderson's life. He'd been in tugs since he was a raw, scrubby-kneed deck-boy. He'd saved every penny he could and at last, by borrowing more than he felt comfortable about, he'd been able to set himself up in a small way, with his son Angus to help.

He'd bought an oldish tug cheap and he renamed her Fiona, after the cherished wee girl his wife had given her life to bring into the world. The brave adventure had begun.

They'd done well too, in a sober, hard-working sort of way, until Angus went off minesweeping during the war and never came back. Neither Jock nor the Caledonian Towage And Salvage Company had ever recovered from that.

Since then the business had gone steadily downhill, but Jock had refused to give up.

He clung obstinately to the tugman's dream that one day his vessel would be in the right place at the right time to pluck home some fortune in salvage that would put everything right for him. He was about the only man on the river who couldn't see that the Fiona hadn't a hope of ever getting such a chance.

Jock still believed in himself, and Fiona believed in him too. One evening, when the old tug was homeward bound and Fergus and Fiona were together on the bridge, she told him about her father and his dreams.

"All these years that he's been struggling on—they can't have been for nothing, Fergus." Her face was grave. Then she smiled. "He's so pleased to have you with him. He thinks his luck will change now that you've come. And when the good luck comes, you will be here to share it."

The old tug lumbered on, with her string of empty scows riding high behind her against a smouldering sunset. Fergus didn't say anything for a while. He didn't want to spoil the moment. He felt very close to Fiona, and he believed that she was feeling a bit the same way too.

After a while he said: "Losing Angus must have been a terrible thing for him."

"It was. He loved Angus so, and he needed him. He needed his youth and strength. Father wasn't a young man any more when he started the firm."

Fergus's pulse suddenly began hammering hard. He said, not caring whether it made sense or not: "Well, he's got someone young now. Not a son, maybe——"

Fiona turned to him impulsively. "Oh, Fergus, you can help him so much."

"Not a son. Not a member of the family exactly," Fergus persisted doggedly. "But we could do something about that too. If . . . if you like the idea."

A light-buoy was winking through the dusk gathering ahead. Fiona stared at it while it blinked three times. Then she said softly: "I—I think I do like it, Fergus. It's too soon yet to be sure, but—I really think I do. . . ."

THE old tug went on towing her scows, while the fine, smart vessels of the Atlantic Towage Company steamed disdainfully past her on their more important occasions.

Fergus knew now that Fiona was the only girl for him. And he was getting more and more worried about what was going to happen to the Andersons.

Jock had told him bit by bit how things stood, and it was clear to Fergus that the firm was well and truly done for. If the old boy gave up and sold out quickly—the Fiona would have to go for scrap—he might just about meet his obligations. If he tried to carry on, he'd be in real trouble.

Fergus was wondering what the devil he could do about helping the Andersons, when, out of the blue, there came a possible solution. Atlantic Towage had heard that Fergus was a likely lad, and came up suddenly with the offer of a mate's berth under Captain Mackay aboard the pride of their fleet, the brand-new ocean-going tug Thruster.

When the job was first offered him, Fergus

Continued on page 40

For twenty-six marathon miles Stan Cox fights thirst, stitch and bleeding feet. He is ready to run until he drops in the . . .

Toughest race in the world

by JOHN SANDILANDS

Cox runs eight miles every night, often with friends. He is so punctual that one woman used to hand him her mail to post

FIVE miles from the start of the Empire Games marathon at Vancouver in 1954, a race held under a blazing sun, Stan Cox, a member of the British team, began to feel the first effects of heat exhaustion.

The process of "dehydration," the bane of marathon running, attacked him as the sun and the cracking pace of the race drew the moisture from his body in a steady stream. At the ten-mile mark he gulped a drink and laboured on in increasing discomfort. At twenty miles his steps were faltering and he began to weave wildly across the road.

Two miles from the finish of the 26 mile 385 yard course, half blinded by the constant beating of the sun on the nerves of his neck, he staggered on to the grass verge, crashed into a telegraph pole and collapsed unconscious.

He was rushed to hospital under an oxygen tent and lay in the operating theatre for seven and a half hours while a gallon and a half of saline solution, mixed with glucose, was dripped into his body. It was forty-eight hours before he was able to walk again.

Cox, a lean, gaunt-featured running fanatic, accepted the experience philosophically as one of the hazards of the most gruelling race in athletics —the historic event that has stood as a challenge to runners since the days of Ancient Greece. In the same race his team-mate, Jim Peters, had made marathon history by literally crawling towards the finish before being carried off unconscious by officials who had decided that it would be dangerous for him to go on.

Cox has suffered the agonies of thirst, stitch, blistered and bleeding feet, torn leg muscles and exhaustion in his battle against both the miles and the clock over the marathon course.

"Like all the best marathon performers, Stan is prepared to run till he drops," says his coach, the former Olympic athlete, Harold Johnston. "While he's still conscious he'll never give up."

Each year Cox runs an average of 2,500 miles to build the stamina which has established him as one of the world's foremost marathon athletes and a potential gold medallist at this year's Olympic Games.

Only a small percentage of this mileage, however, is taken up by competitive running. The

Marathon rules allow drinks and sponges after ten miles. Cox snatches them on the run. Once he collapsed and could not walk for two days

tremendous concentration of effort and will-power which the marathon demands restricts him to only two races over the full distance each season. The events over fifteen and twenty miles and the road relays in which he competes he regards as fast training runs—and he is content with third or fourth place to conserve his energies for the marathon.

Many runners outside the international class regard the marathon as a test of endurance rather than speed, but Cox aims to cover each mile in an average of, at most, five minutes twenty seconds throughout the race.

On a recent training run he was followed for several miles by a motor-cycle policeman. "When I slowed down on a steep hill he came alongside and told me, 'You've been doing eleven miles an hour for the last three miles,'" says Cox. "He rode off in amazement when I told him I hoped to do the next three faster."

Running over busy roads in marathons in this country, usually at summer weekends, Cox has to cope with a number of distractions. He has been chased for miles by dogs barking and snapping at his heels, and has been offered drinks, food, lumps of sugar, slices of orange and lemon and cold towels and sponges by spectators along the route. On one hot Saturday afternoon he was followed by a cycling ice-cream vendor who insisted on proffering a large cornet.

"Since you can run for miles without seeing either an official or another competitor the temptation is great," says Cox.

Under international agreement, however, drinks and wet sponges are permitted only at three-mile intervals after the first ten miles and infringements may lead to disqualification. Cox has his drink of blackcurrant juice, mixed with salt, handed to him by his helpers without pausing in his stride. His non-stop methods surprised Dutch officials waiting at a feeding point during an international marathon at Enschede in Holland, three years ago.

Cox plodded up to the table and was handed a drinking bottle and a sponge. Continuing on down the road he found himself being pursued by puzzled officials trying to retrieve the articles. "The Continental runners were stopping at the point for a rest," he says. "One was even drinking a leisurely cup of tea. They thought I would do the same."

Cox's fast times for the marathon—he has covered the distance in 2 hours 21 minutes 42 seconds, more than a minute faster than the Olympic record—bring him in up to an hour ahead of those whose only aim is to complete the course. Frequently, when he is dressed and leaving the finishing point he is able to watch many of his opponents finishing the race.

At the end of a marathon Cox drinks incessantly to replace the body moisture and salt he loses in perspiration. He weighs only nine stone five pounds at a height of five foot ten inches, but he declares that he has lost up to half a stone in the course of a marathon.

Cox usually finds that the hardest part of a marathon is between the seventeenth and nineteenth miles, when he is worst affected by both mental and physical fatigue. "Once the 'agony miles' are over," says Harold Johnston, "he is as strong as he was in the first few miles and can do several laps to 'unwind' without any difficulty when he has reached the finish."

The mental strain of running non-stop for more than two hours becomes increasingly severe. Like many distance runners Cox finds that his mind fastens on a snatch of song which runs through his head in time to the pounding of his feet.

In spite of the rigours of marathon running, Cox suffers few after-effects. He has developed unusually strong legs and lungs and has a larger than normal heart with an exceptionally slow beat. A cardiograph record made of his heart's action after he had run in the Olympic marathon at Helsinki in 1952 was sent for by a Harley Street specialist who examined him on his return to this country. The Finnish authorities replied that it was not available. It was so unusual that it was being taken on a lecture tour of Finnish medical schools by a heart specialist.

Cross-country races help Cox to build up stamina. Marathons demand such effort that he can compete in only two a year

Cox's wife and two daughters take a keen interest in his running. On race days they time rivals to help to perfect his future tactics

During the day Cox works in the liaison department of Standard Telephones and he is obliged to do his training in the evenings. He runs at least eight miles every night of the week and in all weather conditions except thick fog, which affects his breathing. He is such a familiar figure on the roads round his home at Wood Green, London, that, until recently, an old lady met him regularly as he passed her garden gate and handed him her letters to post.

Cox is unusually thorough in his preparations. Both his wife, Audrey, and his daughters, Glennys, eleven, and Delphine, nine, are keenly interested in his career, and during races he has them organized to assist him. His wife checks timings at various stages of the run while Delphine calls out the runners' numbers and Glennys notes down their names. At the finish Cox examines their records and can discover who has been ahead of him at each stage and plan future campaigns accordingly.

He believes that most marathons are won through the advance preparation and in training drives himself almost as hard as in a race. When he was warned that the Empire Games course at Vancouver was unusually hilly he rounded off his training each night with two fast runs up a local hill with a gradient of one in eight.

Harold Johnston attributes much of Cox's ability to his graduation to marathon running through races over a shorter distance.

Cox began his athletics career as a sprinter at the age of fourteen and made his first appearance in national championships four years later, running in the half-mile. In 1939, his first year as a senior, he made his international début in a match against the U.S.A., deputizing for Sydney Wooderson in the mile. Later that year he gained his second international vest against Germany in the 5,000 metres.

When war broke out he joined the R.A.F. and was sent overseas, but returned in 1945 and ran the 5,000 metres for the R.A.F. team in Service internationals.

In 1948 Cox turned his attention to the six miles and after winning the national championship at that distance, represented Britain in the 10,000 metres at the Wembley Olympics.

He ran his first marathon in 1951. At twenty miles he tore a leg muscle but finished the course before going to hospital for treatment, which included a six-inch incision and stitching of the muscle fibres.

In his second season of long-distance running Cox was included in the British marathon team at the Helsinki Olympics. Today, at the age of thirty-seven, he considers that he has about three more years' top class running.

The stamina which Cox has accumulated in his athletics career gives him a store of energy which makes it difficult for him to relax.

Three years ago, while he was preparing for a marathon, he went on holiday to his wife's home in Suffolk. Each day the family went to the sea eleven miles away and, as part of his training, Cox ran the distance while his wife and daughters travelled by bus and train.

"We all set out at the same time," says Mrs. Cox, "but every day Stan had reached the beach chalet and made a cup of tea by the time we arrived. He repeated the performance on the way back at night." THE END

Boyeur started, surprised, as Muriel came in. She stood there in the doorway . . . so young, so fresh, so unaware

ISLAND IN THE SUN

by ***ALEC WAUGH***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Maxwell had deliberately taunted Boyeur, made him look a fool. But Boyeur planned a terrible revenge. It would harm everyone

CARL BRADSHAW, an American reporter, had been away from Santa Marta for ten weeks. But when he returned to the West Indian island he learned what had happened in his absence. . . .

As he expected, the revolutionary young labour leader, David Boyeur, had been elected to the island's Legislative Council. So had his arch-enemy, Maxwell Fleury, the planter-son of the island's oldest family.

Boyeur had become engaged to Muriel Grainger, the sister of the Attorney-General. That, Bradshaw calculated, made three romances that he knew of. Two of them concerning Government House. The governor's son, Euan Templeton, was engaged to Jocelyn Fleury, Maxwell's sister, and the governor's A.D.C., Denis Archer, was in love with exotic Margot Seaton. Margot, a local girl, had once been nearly engaged to Boyeur.

Finally, Bradshaw saw, no one had been arrested for the murder of Colonel Carson. . . .

In one way, Bradshaw had played an unwitting part in Carson's death. His revelation that the Fleury family had Negro blood had not only grievously shocked Jocelyn—who, despite what Euan thought, felt she could never marry him now—but it had roused Maxwell to a dangerous pitch.

And it was in that mood that he had met Carson. At the time he had believed Carson to be his wife's lover. The two men had quarrelled fiercely—and Maxwell had killed him.

Ironically, Maxwell and his wife, Sylvia, were now happier than they had ever been. And their happiness had been cemented by the news that Sylvia was to have a child. But Maxwell lived with a dreadful fear; he felt that Whittingham, the police chief, suspected him. He knew that Whittingham was watching. And waiting. . . .

PART FIVE

The Secret of Colonel Carson

SYLVIA looked across at Maxwell. He had been immersed in his book for hours. "What's that you're reading?" she asked. He held out the book. She took it and read the title. "*Crime and Punishment*. I've never read it. Any good?"

"Terrific! Whittingham lent it to me. We were talking about the way a detective could lure a criminal to give himself away."

"How did you get on to that subject?"

"We were discussing the Carson case."

"The Carson case—I'd quite forgotten that. I'd thought of that as shelved."

"It isn't as far as Whittingham's concerned. He's hot on the trail still."

"We must ask him about it when he comes to dinner on Monday."

"We must," he agreed. He looked up at her thoughtfully. "Carson wasn't a particular friend of yours, was he?"

"I scarcely knew him."

He laughed.

"It may sound curious now, but, do you know, I was jealous of him once?"

"Jealous? Of Colonel Carson? Why?"

"It must sound silly now," he said. "But you do remember a day when we'd gone into Jamestown? It was the day of that party to welcome Euan Templeton. I was with my father going over the accounts. Carson came to the house to see you."

"Did he? Colonel Carson?—oh yes, I do remember now. It was to do with a committee that was making a presentation to your father. He had to find out what your father would really like. He did not want to ask your mother: it was meant as a surprise for her as well. So he decided to ask Jocelyn.

"He came up on a morning when your mother was away.

"I remember it very well because he had not expected to find me there. He looked embarrassed. He said to Jocelyn, 'I know this will sound peculiar, but this is a private matter. Could I see you alone?' So I went out of the room.

"Jocelyn was very mysterious about it afterwards. 'Whatever you do, don't mention it to anyone,' she said, 'particularly to Maxwell. I'll tell you as soon as I can.' She told me on the day of the presentation."

"So that's the way it was."

"Yes, that's the way it was, and whatever has it got to do with me and Colonel Carson?"

He laughed ruefully. What indeed had it to do with her and Colonel Carson?

"It'll sound ridiculous to you," he said. "When I came back that day the house smelled of a heavy cigarette. Turkish or Egyptian. I wondered who'd been there. Then you and Jocelyn came back and didn't mention your visitor. You must, I felt, have been keeping it from me deliberately."

"But what made you think the man had come to see me, instead of Jocelyn? That would have been much more natural."

"Precisely. That was the trouble. If a man had come up to see Jocelyn, you'd have mentioned it to me. We'd often talked about finding her a husband. But it was the one thing in the whole day you didn't mention; so I knew it was something you didn't want me to know. What else could it be but that a man had come to see you?"

"Oh, darling, how absurd!"

"But wasn't it natural of me? We weren't happy then, not the way we are now. Then when Carson offered me his cigarette case at the Nurses' Ball, and I saw that it had two kinds of cigarettes, Virginian and Egyptian, I saw red."

"Darling, were you very melodramatic over it? What did you plan to do, challenge him to a duel?"

"I hadn't thought it out as far as that. I was in the dark."

"I'll say you were."

Her voice was soft and there was in her eyes a loving, protective, almost maternal look.

"I'd no idea you could work yourself up into such a frenzy. How you imagine things!" she said.

BY Monday evening Maxwell had only sixty pages of *Crime and Punishment* left to read. He looked forward to discussing it with Whittingham. There was no reason why he should not bring up the subject. It would be natural for him to do so.

He opened with the topic right away as he prepared the swizzles. "I'm very grateful to

On the path leading to the dead man's house, he paused. The policeman came up and placed a hand on his shoulder

"I want you to shake hands across the table," said the governor, trying to make peace. "David . . . Maxwell." It was partly an order

you for lending me *Crime and Punishment,*" he said. "I'd probably never have read it if you hadn't. I'd have missed a treat."

"I've never seen him so absorbed in a book before," said Sylvia. "I've had no conversation out of him at all this weekend."

"Have you read it, my dear?" the colonel asked.

"I haven't, no."

"Then you must."

To Maxwell, he said, "Don't bother to bring it back till Sylvia's read it. It'll make the time pass quickly for her. I was told to read it by my first chief. He said it should be on the manual of Scotland Yard. Whenever I'm up against a ticklish proposition I re-read it."

"What case was worrying you?" Sylvia asked.

"The same old headache, the Carson case."

"I thought that had been shelved a long time ago."

"That's what one particular man is hoping, but it's a hope that'll never be gratified, I'm much afraid."

"So you're still hopeful?"

"Never more so. I watch and wait. That's the point this book brings out so well. As long as the criminal's alive, so is the cat-and-mouse game. You think the case is forgotten because no one talks of it any longer. I don't suppose that you yourself have thought or talked about Carson for two months."

"It's curious that you should say that," Sylvia answered. "As a matter of fact, we were talking about him only last week; in such an odd way, too. Darling, you don't mind me telling the colonel, do you?"

"Of course I don't."

She recounted the episode of the cigarette.

"Have you ever heard anything more hilarious? Colonel Carson and myself, and Maxwell was so jealous; he was off his head about it. The things that men think up. Doesn't that astonish you, even with your experience?"

The colonel smiled. He had been watching Sylvia as she talked, but now he turned towards Maxwell. There was a conspiratorial quality in his smile, as though he and Maxwell shared a secret, as though the incident had for them an inner significance it could not have for the others. "No," he said, "not altogether."

He paused. Then he turned back to Sylvia. "If I were married to anyone as attractive as you, my dear, I should be jealous of every male that breathed."

It was the kind of lumbering compliment for which Colonel Whittingham was notorious.

"Oh, Colonel, come now!" Sylvia said.

He knows, Maxwell thought, he knows. . . .

He knows, he repeated to himself as he drove on the following morning to the Legislative Council meeting.

The meeting was to be held at ten in the courthouse. Bradshaw arrived there at a quarter to. He had persuaded two of his fellow journalists to accompany him.

In twos and threes the councillors moved in to take their places, and then the governor arrived.

The routine business of the meeting was soon over, and the morning session passed with scarcely a hint of trouble. Twice the governor had occasion to call David Boyeur to order—the young union leader had a lamentable tendency to address the council as if it were an election meeting—but Boyeur accepted the reprimands with good grace. He was, it seemed, on his best behaviour.

Soon after noon the governor moved the lunch adjournment. The moment he left the room a burst of chattering broke out from the crowded public benches. It was like a monkey house, Maxwell thought.

His father came across to him. "You're lunching at home, aren't you? Can I drive you down?"

Maxwell shook his head. "I've some eggs and fruit and vegetables in my car. I'd better bring them now. I won't be long."

He had parked his car in the road leading to the Tennis Club. He hesitated, then took the narrow footpath that opened into the path leading to Carson's house. It was the first time that he had been here since the night of Carson's death. He paused, looking first one way, then the other, remembering how he had walked up here, at Carson's side. That so much could happen in so short a time. He paused, pensive, in a reverie.

A hand fell on his shoulder; a familiar voice sounded in his ear. "He must have paused here on that night, wondering if there would be anyone to see him when he crossed this footpath. He may have stopped for several seconds, listening; it was very dark. There was no moon that night, as far as I remember."

"There was no moon."

Whittingham's voice had fused into his reverie so completely that for a moment he had not been conscious of the interruption. Then he started.

"You made me jump," he said.

He laughed. Was it a nervous laugh? But it should, shouldn't it, have been a nervous laugh? It would have been unnatural if it hadn't been.

Whittingham did not appear to notice his start, his laugh, his interjection. "It's strange," he said, "on this sunny morning to think of what happened here three months ago on a dark, moonless night. The man must have tiptoed out of the house, come through into this narrow path. Can't you picture him pausing, there where the paths join? He's fifty yards from the road. 'If I can make the road, I'll be safe,' he must have told himself. Such a short distance. If only he could make it. I wonder how long he stood there waiting. I wonder if he remembered this path leading to the courthouse; perhaps he didn't. It's very little used. What do you think?"

"I dare say he didn't."

"That's what I think, too. He forgot all about it. There's always something that the criminal forgets; that may have been one of the things he overlooked."

"Were there other things, then, that he forgot?"

"Of course there were. There always are. But he was lucky; no one saw him. He may have stood at that exact spot there, waiting, listening. We can't tell that. But what we do know is the surge of relief he must have felt when he turned the corner into the roadway. 'I'm safe. I'm safe,' he must have told himself."

Maxwell closed his eyes. That was how it had been. How clearly Whittingham understood him! It would be so easy to tell Whittingham. Whittingham knew so much, had heard so many confessions: he wouldn't be shocked or startled. He would make it easy for you, like the priest in the confessional. If only he could say, "Yes, that's the way it was." Whittingham was the only man in the world who could understand.

He knows, thought Maxwell, *he knows.* . . .

It was the afternoon session of the Legislative Council. A speaker was concluding, "I therefore move, sir, that a sub-committee should be formed to examine the possibilities of developing Grande Anse as a tourist resort and to report on the amount of capital that it considers necessary."

Julian Fleury rose to second the motion.

"I will be very brief, sir. I am in such complete agreement with what the honourable member has said that I have little to do except endorse his opinions. There is one point, however, that I should like to make. We need the advice of an expert. We are all of us here amateurs in these matters. We do not know what kinds of entertainment Canadian and American tourists will expect in a place like this. We need the guidance of an expert."

He elaborated his thesis briefly and with effect. "The first duty of this sub-committee should be to select that expert," he concluded.

The governor tapped with his gavel. "The following motion has been moved and seconded." He read out the motion. "It is now open for discussion by the house."

Maxwell and David Boyeur were on their feet simultaneously. The governor looked from the

Continued on page 33

Pain passes him by

by REX GRIZELL

Frank Sweetman can't feel the hardest knocks. Yet for everybody else, a wince in time is a blessing

To Frank Sweetman, intense heat, electric shocks and needle-sharp points are painless

WHILE Frank Sweetman, a forty-four year old factory storekeeper of Houghton Regis, Bedfordshire, was working in his garden one summer afternoon in 1950, he had an attack of dizziness and felt that he was losing the use of his legs. His doctor found that he was insensitive to pin pricks and, fearing that he had a severe nervous disorder, sent him to Luton and Dunstable Hospital.

A famous nerve specialist could find nothing wrong, and Sweetman was soon back to normal health. Yet there was one thing about him which so interested the specialist that he asked Sweetman to co-operate in further tests at St. Thomas's Hospital, London.

There, nerve specialists jabbed Sweetman's eyes with cotton-wool until tears ran down his cheeks, but he felt no pain. Deep pin pricks which drew blood caused him no discomfort, and a pin pushed right through a fold of skin at his wrist brought no reaction. Tubes of boiling water and of ice were held against his abdomen, but Sweetman did not object. He ate large helpings of mustard and horseradish without complaint.

An injection of the drug histamine made him feel warm and brought a flush to his face, but did not give him the splitting headache it would have given anyone else. He did not object to holding his fingers over a flame, though the burns were bad enough to produce blisters.

When the doctors tried to give him an electric shock, he did not react. The voltage was doubled without effect. Thinking the machine was broken, one of the doctors picked up the leads. He jumped half across the room. A shock twenty times as powerful as that required to make an ordinary person jump left Sweetman unconcerned.

In spite of all this, he was able to distinguish between the sharp and blunt ends of a pin; he had normal reactions to a light touch and vibration, and he admitted that his skin sometimes itched. The specialists have concluded that Sweetman is one of the rare cases known to medicine of a healthy man who cannot feel pain.

Sweetman told the doctors that even as a boy he felt no pain. When he was eight, he had an accident which gave him a wound requiring thirteen stitches. After the fall he walked two miles home without any sense of pain, and felt nothing during the subsequent operation. As a young man he was a successful professional boxer who had 189 fights. He was never knocked out. He fought most of one fight with a broken bone in his wrist, and knew nothing about it until he took the gloves off. By then

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Playing with his son or doing jobs around the house, Sweetman may injure himself without knowing it. He once broke a bone in his wrist during a boxing contest and went on fighting

the fracture was so bad that it was impossible to make a neat job of the setting.

His hands are scarred from injuries received as a miner, and from burns when he worked with molten lead.

Often he does not know that he has cut himself until he sees the blood. All his life, Sweetman has been forced to take extra care against dangers that he might not feel.

Pain is a vital warning signal. Few people would live long in a world without it. If burns, fractures and diseases were painless, fatal complications might develop before it was realized that anything was wrong.

Modern medical science has made great advances in the understanding and use of pain through the recent recognition that there are two different elements in pain: perception and reaction. Perception of pain depends on the efficiency of a relatively simple part of the nervous system. It varies very little from one person to another.

Reaction to pain is modified by the highest functions of the brain, and varies according to race, climate, age, state of health, time of day, individual temperament and other factors.

Negroes, American Indians and prize-fighters have been found to react less to pain than the ordinary white urban dweller. Mediums, fakirs and religious fanatics in many races can induce a state of mind in themselves which deadens their reaction to pain and enables them to walk on live coals, lie on beds of nails and scourge themselves with whips and knives.

But to the average man pain is a guide and a teacher whose lessons are learned with lightning speed and filed unforgettably in the memory.

Frank Sweetman's wife, Nancy, has learned to be careful when taking hot plates or dishes from her husband. Once a kettle was so hot that she had to drop it. The pain mechanism which produces such split-second automatic reactions works fast. First, the pain impulse flashes to the spinal cord, where it rings an alarm which is instantaneously answered by the motor nerves controlling the muscles in the part of the body which has been hurt. The muscles act at once, the hand opens, and in the same split second the pain impulse flashes up to the thalamus (chief control centre for motor nerves) at the base of the brain.

As the alarm reaches it, the thalamus sets another group of motor nerves in action. While the kettle is falling to the floor, the whole weight of the body shifts to one leg, and yet another set of nerves jerks the foot nearest to the falling kettle away from it.

Even to do this, the thalamus has called in the help of the cortex, the outer layer of the brain, which keeps a memory record of pain associations. The cortex remembers that in the past the foot had been hurt by something dropped on it. It flashes a warning that this is a similar situation—the kettle is still falling but by the time it hits the floor, the foot is out of harm's way.

By contrast, a child who steps on a drawing pin for the first time will stand on one leg and hold the painful foot, but will not immediately pull out the drawing pin because the cortex has no record of the situation.

When pain is prolonged and intense, it weakens the action of the heart, reducing the blood supply to the brain and causing the loss of consciousness which brings freedom from pain.

American workers under Dr. Harold G. Wolff have developed a machine with which they are able to measure pain. In their tests heat rays are directed on to a part of the forehead. The sensation produced in the skin changes from warmth to heat and then to pain. They have found that all normal persons feel pain at 113 degrees Fahrenheit, with variations of only plus or minus one per cent. This level is called the pain threshold.

As the heat is increased, the rising pain can be divided into twenty-two stages of intensity. Two of these stages are made equal to one dol (*dolor* is Latin for pain) and the instrument is called a dolorimeter. Wolff measures internal pains by asking patients to say when the pain from the heat of the dolorimeter matches the internal pain.

According to these experiments, some labour pains in childbirth represent the sharpest intensity of pain and are measured at ten and a half dols. Momentary pains from sudden injury, and the pain of a burning cigarette held against the skin, reach almost the same level. At the other end of the scale, most toothaches and most neuralgias measure between one and two dols. The pain of migraine headaches and of many heart attacks varies from four to five dols. The average man probably never feels a pain of greater than six dols all his life.

When Wolff discovered the maximum temperature which the majority of his patients said that they could stand, he continued the experiments on himself and his associates with temperatures up to three times as hot. Though they suffered severe burns at the higher temperatures, they found that pain has a limit beyond which it can hurt no more. They were unable to distinguish any increase in pain beyond the maximum registered by their patients.

Pain is a great help to doctors in the diagnosis of illness. While pain felt in the skin almost certainly originates in the place where it is felt, this is not necessarily so with internal pain. A pain in the knee may sometimes be due to an unhealthy appendix, earache may be due to bad teeth, trouble in the liver or gall-bladder sometimes produces a pain in the shoulder-blade. Doctors call this symptom "referred pain." In the nervous system—more complicated than a telephone exchange—there are many links between different parts of the body.

Sometimes a patient complains of a pain for which the doctor can find no physical cause whatever. This psychogenic pain is of mental origin, and shows the relation between body and mind in a dramatic manner. Nerve specialists say that many painful headaches of the migraine type are caused emotionally—by the necessity of doing something distasteful, by fear of making a mistake, by striving after perfection. This is why many women get "wash-day" headaches, while others complain of "spring-cleaning" or "Christmas" headaches.

THE mind can go farther and produce not only severe pain but actual painful illness. The millions of nerve endings in the skin make it particularly likely to be affected by emotional strain. A famous West End neurologist remembers one woman whose anxieties caused her to break out in a painful rash.

"There is no doubt that the rash was caused by mental strain," he says. "Her feminine vanity was the one thing not subdued by worries. The rash appeared only on parts of the skin normally covered by clothes."

While the mind is dominated by powerful emotions such as excitement, anger, grief or joy, the body is unaware of pain. People taking part in sports such as Rugby football, fox-hunting or speedway racing often sustain injuries which they know nothing about until the excitement is over.

A girl who hunted regularly with the Pytchley took a fall during an exciting chase. She remounted and continued. Afterwards she began to have severe headaches which continued for months. Eventually she went to hospital for an X-ray, and it was found that the fall had broken her neck.

Ambulance crews and civil defence workers recall many cases where

WISDOM—1

He who devotes sixteen hours a day to hard study may become as wise at sixty as he thought himself at twenty.

Mary Wilson Little

mothers, in grief at the death of a child, were quite unaware that they themselves were seriously injured.

The efforts of medicine today are not directed at abolishing the valuable signal of pain, but at controlling the pain which continues long after its job of warning is done, the pain which nags on, sapping the patient's energy, destroying rest and weakening the spirit. Surgery, drugs and hypnotism are the doctor's weapons in the battle against pain. They are used in different ways.

Doctors faced with the problem of severe, unyielding pain now employ pain surgery. Where, not long ago, a patient with an incurable disease might occasionally suffer pain in spite of treatment with drugs, it is now possible through pain surgery to free what remains of life from pain. The surgeon cuts through the appropriate nerve or part of the brain as a saboteur cuts a telephone line. If the operation is successful, the painful message can no longer be received.

The minor pains and headaches of the average person are a goldmine to the manufacturers of pain-killing drugs such as aspirin. In 1954, the British public paid nearly £7 million across shop counters for these drugs: a sale of more than 3,165 million tablets. Most of these tablets contain acetyl salicylic acid—which is aspirin—and which works by raising the threshold of the perception of pain.

Frank Sweetman's case shows that it is possible for the individual to live without pain. Sweetman has reached the prime of life active, healthy and content with his lot. He has turned down offers to appear on the halls and in films; the most he makes of his special quality is to pick a red-hot coal from the fire with his bare hands to amuse his friends. He finds it difficult to form an idea of what pain is really like, and is not sure whether he would like to feel it or not.

"On the whole, from what I've been told about it, I think I'd rather stay the way I am," he says.

Doctors are quite sure that they prefer the mass of people as they are; sensitive to pain. "If everybody were like Sweetman," says one Harley Street specialist, "we should never be able to make a simple and straightforward diagnosis." THE END

Zoo Quest

Continued from page 11

the bathroom. One day, he caught a four-foot crocodile. "I'm sorry, chaps," he said, "there's only one place to put it—in the bath." The bath was four feet deep and had slippery enamel sides. Since it seemed impossible for the crocodile to get out, we agreed.

Next morning, while I was still half asleep and completely forgetful of the crocodile, I went into the bathroom and started shaving. Suddenly, I heard a noise near my feet. I looked down. There was Jack's crocodile, about two feet away, opening and shutting its jaws. I shot out of the bathroom and slammed the door.

We discovered that the crocodile was perfectly happy to remain in the bath during the day but insisted on wandering round the bathroom at night. In future, we made a point of catching it before shaving. Jack Lester showed us how to soak a face flannel in water and then drop it over the creature's eyes so that it was temporarily blinded. It was then easy to pick it up by the scruff of the neck and drop it back in the bath.

ONE day, we bumped thirty miles over dusty roads to take part in a native hunt. The chief's party of welcome included a drummer and a man who played the *balange*, a primitive sort of xylophone. I made a recording of their performance.

When I played it back, I realized that the Africans had never before heard a tape-recorder. First they were dumbfounded. Then they thought it uproariously funny. They gave out great gusts of laughter and rolled on the floor in complete abandonment. Finally, they listened intently and when the music approached a difficult passage, cupped their hands to their ears, not believing that the machine had the intelligence to get it right. When it did so, they were lost in admiration. "Fine, fine," they said. "Dat t'ing savvy too much."

The hunt was a failure but the chief was so impressed with the recording that he insisted on coming straight back to the village to record his best musicians. There were six balangists, four drummers and a chorus of men to

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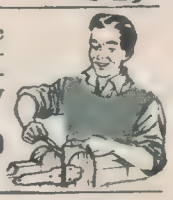

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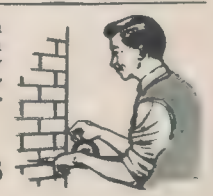

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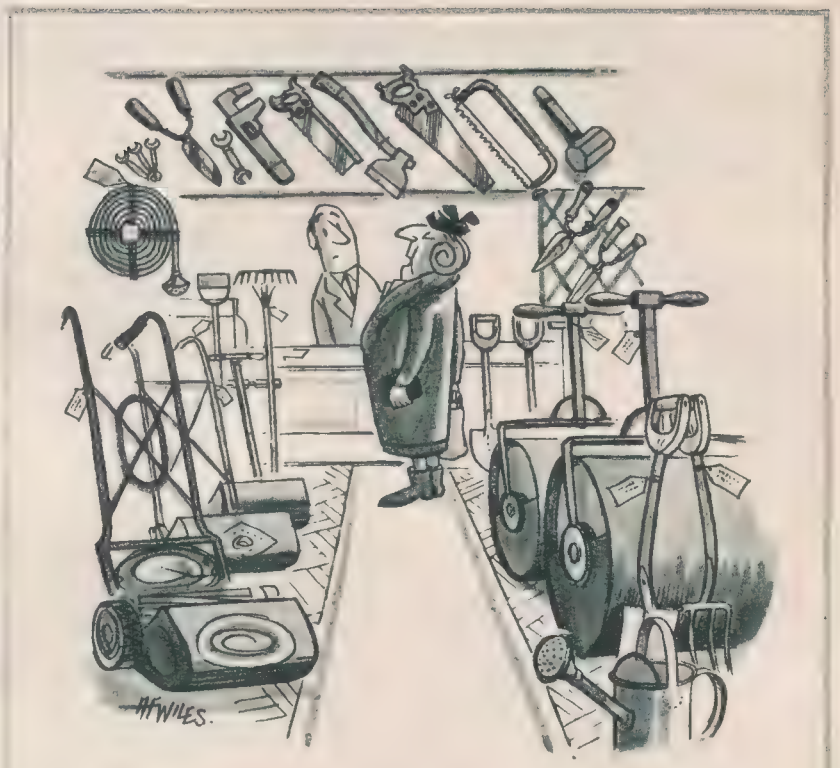

"I'd like something that would make a nice present for a man"

join in with singing and clapping. The noise was deafening. I had to place the recorder thirty yards away.

After I had played it back, I asked the chief if I could buy a *balange*. "Sure," he said. "You go see the chief *balange* player." This gentleman immediately produced a dusty, broken down instrument which must have been discarded by his grandfather. He smiled at me confidently: "There you are. Fine, fine *balange*."

I said: "Play something for me."

Grinning, he did so.

"And now," I said, pointing to his best *balange*, "play me the same thing on *that*."

At this, there was an immediate outburst of delighted laughter from all the other Africans. Far from being upset, they were delighted to find that I was not as green as the balangist had thought. The balangist produced a third instrument in fairly good condition. Unfortunately, we could not agree on a price. He suggested £2. I thought £1 was nearer the mark.

To break the deadlock, I said: "If I able to play tune on this, I give you £1. If I *no* able to play tune, I give you £2. O.K.?"

He agreed. I wondered what to play. Then I remembered that most of the villagers had probably served in the army and, after roughly getting my bearings, I tapped out: "Come to the cook-house door, boys."

The applause was violent. I handed over £1 and shouldered the *balange*. Shortly afterwards, we left in our lorry —and in a blaze of glory.

ONE morning, when we were breakfasting at Musaia, I dipped my hand in the biscuit tin only half aware of what I was doing. Although we had opened a new tin the previous night I suddenly realized that it was empty. I took a look inside. There, weaving its sting in a highly menacing way, was a nine-inch Imperial Scorpion. "My God!" I shrieked. "Look what's in this tin."

"Sorry, old boy," said Jack. "I put the biscuits in a paper bag."

In this way I discovered that while Alf, Charles and I were only too glad to sleep after a hard day's work, Jack frequently spent half the night hunting animals. He had tremendous energy.

After a month at Musaia, we had filled all our cages and in any case we reckoned that the *Picathartes* chicks would now be ready for photographing at Mandu. One morning, we loaded our menagerie on to the lorry and drove south. Our first stop was Makeni, where we had broken our journey on the way up. There was a complicated system of caves in a mountain near here and two years before, two males of a hitherto unrecorded species of bat had been caught in them. Jack now hoped to take a female. Charles and I took along our cameras and recorders to get programme material.

The caves were complications of a long horizontal cleft about twenty feet from the top of the mountain. The floor sloped downwards at an angle of forty-five degrees so we tied a rope to a tree, threw it inside and held on to it as we slithered through the bat-droppings.

WHEN we were about 150 feet inside, we found that the main cleft continued. Running off it, almost horizontally, were numerous side galleries in which the bats were roosting. Using our torches, we groped our way along one of these and managed to catch two or three bats by hand. I now decided to take some pictures.

For lighting we had magnesium flares but the galleries were narrow and if we used them too close to the bats, the pictures would be flat. Casting about, I discovered two galleries, one about fifteen feet above the other, linked with inter-connecting passages. If I let off a flare in the lower gallery, I thought, the light would travel up the inter-connecting passages. This would give the photograph depth.

Only the fact that I had never before used flares in a confined space mitigates the stupidity of what I did next. I stationed Charles at the entrance to the upper gallery and crawled along the lower gallery until it came to a dead end in a vertical drop. Cramming myself into a tiny alcove less than five feet high, I lit a flare.

For five seconds, the light burned brilliantly. Then the fumes accumulated. I could not see six inches in front of me. The thick white smoke started to choke me. Coughing and spluttering, I wondered how I could escape. Beneath me was a drop of hundreds of feet. In front of me was the blazing flare. I was trapped.

The flare was guaranteed to last two minutes and I knew that the manufacturers usually made them to last three. Desperately afraid, I tried to hold my breath. The flare burned on and on and on.

After what seemed at least half an hour, the flames died down and the fumes gradually cleared. Somehow I dragged myself to the opening of the passage where the others were anxiously waiting. After they had helped me up the rope into the fresh air, I rested for a while on top of the

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hill watching Jack and Charles netting and taking pictures as the bats left the cave in the twilight.

We stayed another three nights at Makeni and then drove to Mongeri. When he sorted out the bats on arrival, Jack announced that one female belonged to the species of which only males had previously been collected.

Next morning, we replaced the cages in the lorry and drove to Mandu. Alf continued to Njala so that he could set up a temporary zoo. Charles, Jack and I plunged through the bush to the *Picathartes* nesting site. We had no idea what we should find. If the nests had been raided, the main object of the expedition might be lost.

At last, we came to the boulder. As on the first occasion, I lifted Jack up to each nest in turn. Two contained a single egg, the other held two chicks, unfledged and with closed eyes. We hid ourselves behind bushes and for two and a quarter hours watched the parent birds flying backwards and forwards to the nests.

The parents of the nestlings always approached by the same route. First, they flew to the base of the rock and perched on a termite mushroom for a few seconds. From there they flew up to the nest. Both male and female brought food to the chicks and seemed to take turns brooding the eggs. It thrilled us to think that no other person had ever seen what we were seeing now.

I had noticed on our first visit that the site was too dark for photography. I now climbed a tree to cut away some of the canopy. The temptation was to cut away enough to light up all the nests throughout the day, but this would probably have frightened the birds off. Instead, I cut away just enough to light one nest from ten-thirty to eleven each morning. We built a hide of shrubs about twenty yards from the nest.

For the next three days, Jack and I took it in turns to sit in the hide with Charles Lagus, watching the birds as he was filming them. Although we had

WISDOM—2

Be wiser than other people if you can; but do not tell them so.

Lord Chesterfield

the light for only half an hour, we arrived at dawn to make sure they had settled down by the time the light appeared. Making use of the birds' habit of pausing on the mushroom before flying up, I attached a twenty-foot extension to my microphone and concealed it under the mushroom to record their queer, guttural cries. We had to be careful not to make unnecessary movements but, surprisingly, the whirr of the recorder and camera did not disturb them.

Although the photography was going well, Jack was beginning to get anxious about his specimens. At every opportunity he was visiting other *Picathartes* sites, led by African hunters, in the hope of finding fledged chicks which he could collect. Day after day, he returned empty-handed. Nor were the Africans faring better. They brought us scorpions, tortoises, giant cane rats, antelope and many other animals —but no *Picathartes* chicks.

After seven days, it was time for us to move back to Njala. Jack was now thoroughly disheartened. "All we've got is trash," he said. I pointed out that the chicks in the nests at Mandu would be fully fledged when we made our final visit before leaving Africa, but he refused to be comforted. He knew too well that in the next few weeks anything could happen to them.

Our stay in Njala promised to be a holiday. After two months in the bush, it was a delight to read fresh newspapers, have a haircut and hear from my wife Jane how the children were developing. On the very first day, however, Theo Jones told us that if we wanted to visit the coastal swamps we should have to start immediately. Otherwise, we should not be able to use the Agricultural Department's launch, which he could make available only for the next four days. That night, we listened to Mendelssohn, Sibelius and Prokofiev on the radiogram. The next morning, we left for the coast.

It was a short but interesting excursion. From our base at Bendu, we cruised up and down the creeks catching and photographing fishing-eagles, herons, storks, pied kingfishers and other swamp life.

Sometimes, at night, we hunted crocodiles.

When we came to a likely spot, Jack slid out of the boat and waded in the shallow water, sweeping the still surface with his torch. Suddenly, a pair of eyes would light up, glowing red like coals. If the eyes were a long way apart, Jack knew that it was too big to catch. If they were fairly close, he would wade forward, as slowly and silently as possible, keeping the beam of the torch straight in the crocodile's eyes. This needed a steady hand. If the beam wavered for an instant, the crocodile quickly submerged. Usually, Jack managed to wade within a few feet of his quarry. He would then bring round his left arm in a wide circle and catch it by the scruff of the neck.

After five days, we drove back to Mandu for the *Picathartes* chicks. This was our last chance. We were leaving Africa after another week and if the nestlings were still too young to take, we should be unable to return for them. Jumping out of the lorry, we struck out through the bush.

After an hour, the rock loomed ahead of us. Jack and I approached very cautiously so as not to disturb the adult birds on the nests. But soon we could see that the nests were unoccupied. The adults must have heard us and taken fright. Jack ran to the nest which nine days before had held two unfledged nestlings. I lifted him up so that he could feel inside. The nest was empty.

This was appalling. Our last chance was gone. Jack felt in the other two nests and found that they still contained eggs, but it would be weeks before they had hatched and the chicks were big enough to take. We wondered what could have happened. The rock was too smooth for an animal to climb and the branches which brushed the higher faces of the boulder were a sure protection against hawks. One hope remained: that some African had taken the chicks, hoping to sell them to us at an extortionate price.

We hurried back to the rest-house at Mongeri. No African appeared. Next morning, Jack rose at six to visit the other *Picathartes* sites. When Charles and I returned from taking a few last background shots at Mandu, we found him utterly miserable. "Not a single chick!" he said.

I tried to console him. In spite of his disappointment, we had one specimen of *Picathartes*—for which we shall always be grateful to the watchman who had misunderstood our wishes on our first trip to Mongeri. We also had emerald starlings and a varied collection of almost four hundred other animals. From the zoo's point of view, the expedition had been a resounding success.

When I left Freetown to fly back to England, I felt worried about the television series. Charles had shot thousands of feet of film but we had not been able to get it processed. It was possible that the camera had developed an unsuspected fault or that the film itself had been ruined by tropical mould.

Within days we discovered that these fears were unfounded. The film was in excellent condition and the photography splendid. Two months after our return we put on television the first of the *Zoo Quest* series. To our surprise and relief the programmes turned out to be a great success. Viewers seemed just as excited as we had been when they saw *Picathartes* for the first time.

NEXT WEEK: "Zoo Quest" makes Attenborough a television star

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 34

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

Island In The Sun

Continued from page 26

one to the other. Maxwell had not spoken yet. He was entitled to speak first. But Boyeur had been subjected to reproof. It was better that he should not be allowed to feel that the reproof now entailed reprisals. He caught Boyeur's eye.

Maxwell sat down. *Hell,* he thought, *it was my turn surely!*

"I will say, frankly, at the start that I shall vote against this motion," Boyeur was announcing. "I say that to make my position clear. We have been assured that the development of Grande Anse will prove a good investment, will bring hard currency into the colony. But if that is so, why has not private enterprise developed Grande Anse? There is a great deal of capital in this colony. There are many capitalists. We are always being assured, we socialists, that private enterprise is infinitely more efficient than a state-run proposition. I disagree most heartily with that contention, but the honourable members on the other side of the house endorse it. Why, then, are they suggesting that government should finance this venture?"

He smiled as he made his speech. There was no note of anger or indignation in his voice. He was not being the demagogue, as he had that morning. Maxwell was acutely conscious of Boyeur's success. His resentment was quickened by the fact that Boyeur was using many of the arguments he had planned for his own speech. He, too, had meant to oppose the motion.

"We have, and we must admit that we have, a colour problem here." Boyeur was continuing. "Let us consider how the sudden influx of a group of Canadian and American tourists will affect that problem."

Maxwell clenched his fists. This was another of the points that he had meant to make. His speech was being pulled apart. He would be left with only a few scattered comments. All the best points, the opportunities for punching phrases, had been stolen.

How he hated Boyeur! His temper mounted, the same ungovernable temper that on that moonlight night had driven him, kneeling across a pinioned body, to batter a head against the floor.

"It is for these reasons, sir, that I shall vote against the motion."

Maxwell was on his feet before Boyeur had sat down. He was passionate for revenge, in a need to hit back, to wound, to cause pain. He sought for the searing words and in the inspiration of hatred came on them.

"Sir, I must warn the honourable members of this council against being swayed too easily by the eloquence of the honourable member. We are indeed fortunate to have the privilege of listening to such oratory. At the same time, sir, we must be on guard against his eloquence, particularly on the question of colour.

"It is a very tricky situation for all those—and we are in the majority—who have African ancestry. Such ancestry in many parts of the world is looked on as a stigma. It is not here any longer; but because it is elsewhere, we are liable to take a biased, a parochial view of the subject. We imagine slights where no slight was intended. The honourable member is as vulnerable on this point as the rest of us."

He paused. Now for the phrase like a knife.

"A traveller may condemn an entire town because he has been insulted by a waiter or cheated by a taxi driver. In the same way a man of colour"—he paused and looked at Boyeur—"a man of colour who has been abandoned by his mistress in favour of a handsome young English officer. . . ."

He said it slowly. There was venom in his voice. Boyeur jumped to his feet; his fist banged on the table, rattling the inkpots.

"You dare to say that!" he shouted. "You dare to say that to me!"

The gavel beat upon the table. The governor was standing. This was the third time today that he had had trouble with Boyeur: he had called him to order twice.

Maxwell sat down at once; his heart was pounding. He had succeeded beyond his dreams.

"I will call upon the Attorney-General to read Standing Order Six," the governor said. By Standing Order Six a member was not allowed to address another member.

"I will now ask the Attorney-General to read Standing Order Nine."

It was an order dealing with the disciplinary action which might be taken against a member who disregarded the authority of the chair.

"I will now," the governor said, "call the attention of the Council to the behaviour of the Honourable Member for St. Patrick's, Mr. David Boyeur."

As he sat down he looked toward Julian Fleury.

Julian Fleury rose. Within ninety seconds it had happened. The motion had been proposed, seconded and

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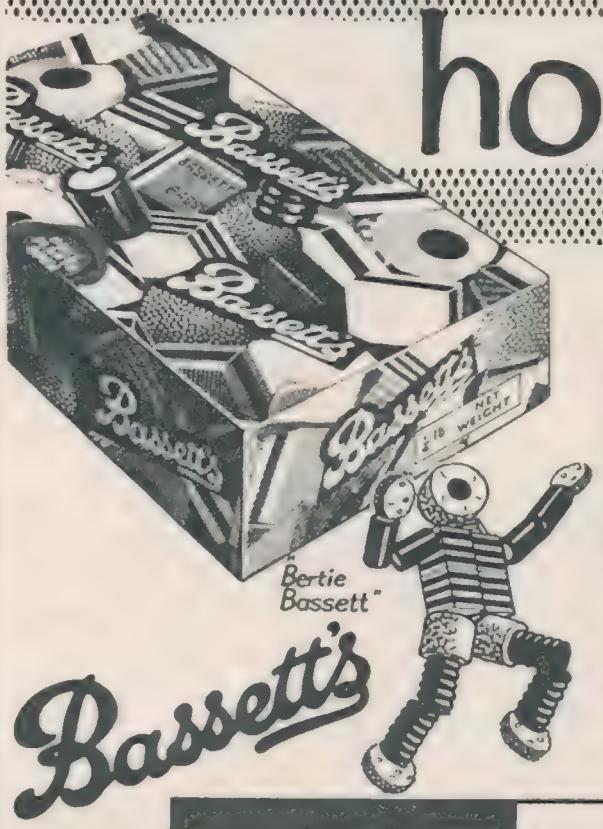

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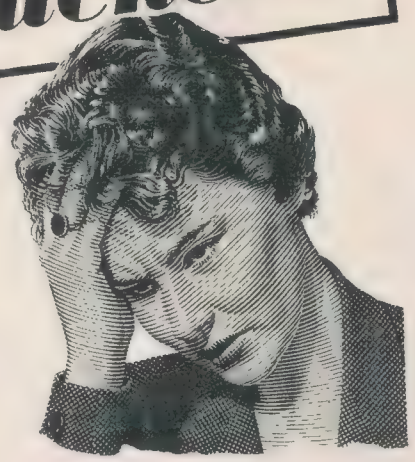

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carried without a dissentient voice, that Mr. David Boyeur be suspended from the service of the Council. . . .

His Excellency had been trained under a system of *On parade, on parade; off parade, off parade.* "I want Boyeur and his fiancée up here to dinner," he told his A.D.C. three days later. "Make it look like a party for them. Let them choose their day; but the real idea is that Boyeur and young Fleury should make up their quarrel. You've heard all about it, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

"What did you make of it?"

Archer flushed and hesitated. How much did H.E. know, how much did H.E. suspect?

"Well, sir, I don't quite know," he paused, waiting for a lead.

"Do you think that remark about the coloured man being chucked by his girl referred to some actual fact, something I did not know about myself, but which a great number of people in that room did? What I'm saying is, did Maxwell Fleury deliberately taunt Boyeur?"

"I believe he did, sir."

Archer had listened to the unfolding of that long sentence with relief. He'd presumed that by now his chief had some inkling about the relations between his secretary and his A.D.C.: but Archer had been at great pains to preserve appearances, and few men notice what is right under their noses.

"That's what I suspected myself," the governor was saying. "Have you any idea what caused the ill feeling between these young fellows?"

"You heard about the demonstration at Belfontaine at Maxwell's first election meeting?"

"Yes."

"Boyeur was responsible for that. He may have been responsible for the burning of the cane at Mardi Gras."

"Well, I want both the Fleurys here on the same night as Boyeur. Make it a command. As for the rest . . . well, let me see. We'd better have it a young people's party. Let me know as soon as you've fixed a day. . . ."

On the night of the party, David Boyeur had arranged to call for Muriel at ten to eight. He arrived at half past seven. The family was just finishing supper, and Mr. Morris was apologetic because they had been taken unawares.

Mrs. Morris went to tell her daughter that her fiancé had arrived, and then there was an embarrassed pause while they waited for her.

Suddenly Boyeur started. Muriel was standing in the doorway. She was wearing an off-the-shoulder dress. She was so young, so fresh, so unaware.

He pictured himself walking with her at his side into smart hotels in Trinidad. He would wear her like a buttonhole. No one would suspect that she was coloured. Their children would pass as white. They would go to school in England.

"You do look beautiful!" he said.

There was a ring in his voice that sounded to her like a film star's.

"I'm early," Boyeur said. "But I wanted to see you for a moment first. Although the party is being given for me, I shan't be allowed to spend one second with you. They'll separate us the instant we arrive. Let's go for a drive."

He took her by the arm, above the elbow. She was breathlessly conscious of the electricity in his finger tips. It made her knees feel weak.

"Is this party really for you?" she said when they were in the car.

"That's what the A.D.C. said. He asked me to pick the night. That means it must be for me. Or rather I'd say it was for us, in honour of our engagement."

A party at Government House for her! It was the first time she had dined there. And to have on that first time a dinner party in her honour!

"I reckon that H.E. is trying to kill two birds with one stone," Boyeur said. "He wants to honour our engagement, and he wants an opportunity, I won't say of apologizing for that scene in the Leg Co, but explaining to me that it was only a routine affair. Nothing to be taken seriously. He knows that he's got to keep on the right side of me. Otherwise we'll have the trade unions down on him like a ton of bricks. At the same time he has to maintain appearances in the Leg Co."

He was talking to impress himself as much as anything, to convince himself of his own importance. Muriel listened, entranced not so much by what he said as by the force and vigour of his voice. He was such a man, so confident, so forceful.

That he should want to marry her!

BOYEUR and Muriel arrived at G.H. at eight minutes to the hour. The Fleurys arrived at two minutes to eight.

"I thought you weren't going to make it," Archer said, leading them into the room.

Maxwell looked round him. He saw young Templeton and Mavis Norman and Doris Kellaway. The usual group; what was the mystery? His eye ran on, to be checked in sudden relieved recognition. David Boyeur! Of course! Now he understood.

As soon as the governor had shaken hands with his guests, cocktails were served. Boyeur shook his head, but at dinner he allowed the butler to fill his glass with wine. He was feeling nervous.

There were twelve places laid. General conversation was impossible. Mavis Norman was on Boyeur's left. He did not find it easy to talk to her. On his right Mrs. Norman was occupied with Julian Fleury. The talk was divided on either side, turning away from him. He looked round the table. He felt conspicuous, sitting silent while everyone else was busily engrossed in talk.

Maxwell and Sylvia were sitting opposite each other. As their eyes met she smiled and her lips framed a kiss.

After dinner, the governor did not move down to take the seat that Mrs. Fleury had vacated; he beckoned Boyeur to his end.

"Come here on my left, David; Maxwell, you move up. And pass the port round, Julian."

The governor paused, looking round him. He was about to execute tactics that he had made use of when he was a colonel, when two young officers had quarrelled.

"Look here," he said, "you two are at odds, I gather. I don't want to interfere with your private matters. I don't want to know the ins and outs of it. There are rights and wrongs on both sides. There always are when two

WISDOM—3

Nine-tenths of wisdom is being wise in time.

Theodore Roosevelt

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 33

ANYBODY who "carries any ladder upon any footway" commits an offence. But, says a barrister-at-law, only the man in the sketch carrying a ladder *along* the pavement is guilty. It is not illegal to carry a ladder *across* a pavement into a building. Two Victorian Acts lay down the laws, one for London, one for the provinces. Outside London, ladder-carrying is only an offence if it annoys or disturbs passers-by.

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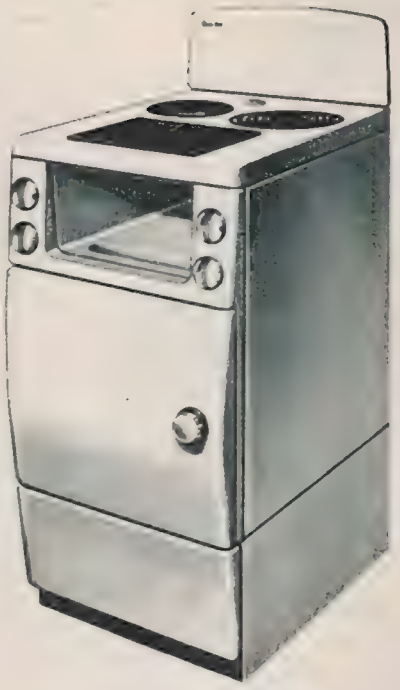

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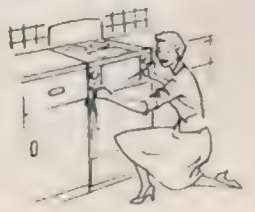

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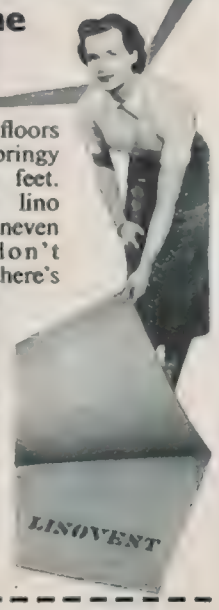

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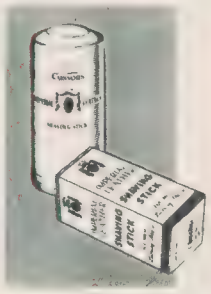

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STANLEY

decent young fellows are concerned; and your private quarrels are none of my business, normally, but they are in this instance because they concern the welfare of the reg—colony."

He had almost used the word "regiment," the scene was so familiar. Archer, noticing the slip, felt apprehensive. Such tactics would work admirably with regimental officers who had been groomed by a public school and Sandhurst to this kind of discipline. He doubted if it would work with these two West Indians who had a basic hereditary distrust of themselves and of their neighbours.

"The colony needs you, both of you," H.E. was continuing. "You have great influence, great futures. You set the others an example, and we cannot, I insist, we cannot, have a repetition of last week's performance in the council. You will, of course, David, have to make a statement at the next meeting of the Legislative Council. That's a matter of form, a minor matter of routine; what I want now from you both is a promise that you'll try and forget your quarrel. I don't want you to promise to become bosom friends right away, though I do want you to respect each other's point of view, to recognize that each, in his own way, is working for the island's good, for I know that you both are. What I want you to do now, in earnest of that, is to shake hands."

It was by no means unimpressive, Archer thought. The general was himself an impressive figure, at the head of this long table in the high-backed chair with the royal portraits above the mantelpiece.

The governor looked to his left hand and to his right, "David . . . Maxwell."

It was in part a question, in part an order. Automatically the two young men stood up, their hands stretched across the table. As their eyes met, the A.D.C. would have given a great deal to have been able to know what manner of expression the eyes of each held for the other. Their profiles told him nothing.

"Fine! That's settled now," the governor said. "Keep that port moving, Denis. I don't know what an A.D.C.'s for except to keep the port in motion. One more glass, everyone, and we'll join the ladies."

MAXWELL walked across the lawn. The air was soft and scented with jasmine. A large Dutch cargo boat was at anchor, its portholes were reflected in the water. He was thinking of Sylvia. He remembered how across the table her lips had framed that kiss. No shame must ever come to her through him. If the law's hand was about to fall on him, he would know how to avoid its clutch.

He turned and went into the house. Jocelyn and Archer were talking about poetry, and he joined them.

"Do you write novels as well as poems?" he asked Archer.

"I've done some short stories. I'm meaning to get down to a novel soon."

"Your characters commit suicide, don't they?"

"Now and again, of course."

"How do they do it?"

"It all depends," said Archer. "Pheno-barbitone perhaps."

"But everyone would know that they had taken it."

"Naturally!"

"That might defeat the whole point of it. It would cause scandal for the family. Suppose, in a novel, one of your characters wanted to commit suicide so that no one would suspect that it was suicide. How would you make him do it?"

"It would be easy if he was a man," Jocelyn interjected. "He could book a passage on one of those cargo boats that take only twelve passengers and don't carry a doctor. He could take sleeping pills and be found dead in the morning. No one would know what was wrong and they'd have to bury him right away. He'd be reported 'Died at sea.'"

"Why couldn't a woman do that?"

"They won't take a woman passenger on that kind of boat, unless she's with her husband or another woman."

Archer looked at her with surprise and interest. She must have thought about suicide a lot, he thought.

Then he noticed David Boyeur, glum and silent on the wing of a group of four. He excused himself and went across.

"I wonder if you've seen the G.H. collection of West Indian prints," he said to Boyeur. "They keep them upstairs. They might amuse you." He took Boyeur upstairs.

They were eighteenth and early nineteenth century colour prints. They had a charming period quality, and included one or two of Santa Marta. There had been much construction since the drawings had been made: a swamp had been reclaimed, wharves had been built; the hillside had been dotted with new bungalows, but there was no doubt that it was the *carenage*.

Boyeur peered into it, noting this change and that, pointing out this inaccuracy and the other.

He took a touching pride in the island of his birth. He resented any distortion of its landscape. Archer could not help liking him. There was something ingenuous about him.

"When you rang me up," Boyeur said, "you said that H.E. wanted an opportunity of wishing Muriel and myself good luck. Did H.E. tell you to say that?"

"Yes."

"But that wasn't the real reason for

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The Commissioners examined the Holy Blood of Hayles, and claimed that it was—honey

IN 1271, friends of Henry of Almain, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and nephew of Henry III, brought back his body from Italy to Hayles in Gloucestershire.

Henry had been staying at Viterbo on a state mission. On the morning of Friday, March 13, when he was praying before the high altar of the church of San Silvestro, a band of armed men burst in. They were led by Henry's cousin Guy, the son of Simon de Montfort who had been killed at Evesham fighting against the king.

Henry had remained loyal to the king, but he had not fought at Evesham. Nevertheless Guy could not forgive him. "Traitor, Henry of Almain!" he shouted. "Thou shalt die!"

Taken by surprise, Henry panicked. He clung to the altar crying for mercy. But his body was pierced with swords.

At Hayles, Henry was buried under the high altar of the church of the Cistercian Abbey which his father had founded in 1246 in fulfilment of a vow made after escape from shipwreck. Richard was so moved by his son's death that he died himself within a few months and was buried at Henry's side.

In 1270 Richard's son Edmund gave the abbey its most precious possession—the phial containing the Holy Blood of Hayles, supposed to be part of the blood of Our Lord. Pilgrims travelled from all parts of Europe to venerate the Blood. That interesting but tiresome mystic Margery Kempe came to see it early in the fifteenth century. According to her own account, she was so impressed that she "emitted loud cries and boisterous weepings. Then the religious men . . . made her good cheer, save they swore many great oaths and horrible. And she rebuked them therefor."

When Hayles Abbey was dissolved under Henry VIII, the Holy Blood was pronounced by the King's Commissioners to be a fraud—honey coloured with saffron. Others pretended to discover it to be "the blood of a duck or perhaps some other animal which was weekly renewed." It was sent to London, where it disappeared.

The ruins of the abbey are now owned by the National Trust.

How to get there: Two miles from Winchcombe (W.R.). Buses from Cheltenham and Broadway. *Open:* March and April: weekdays, 9 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6. May to September: weekdays, 9 to 8; Sundays, 2 to 8. October to February: weekdays, 9.30 to 4; Sundays, 2.30 to 4.

the party, was it? He wanted to get me at the same table as the Fleurys. He wanted a showdown about that Legislative Council meeting. That was the real reason for the dinner, wasn't it?"

"Yes." Archer did not hesitate. There was no point in lying when you were unlikely to be believed.

"As I thought," said Boyeur.

They had tricked him here; taken him off his guard, staged their showdown and made him shake hands with that conceited puppy. He'd show Maxwell Fleury where he got off. And the governor, too, and the whole pack of them. He'd show them all. He'd demand of the Planters' Association a twenty per cent rise in wages for field labourers; he'd give them a three-day ultimatum. And if they didn't come to heel, he'd call a general strike. . . .

Boyeur's ultimatum, delivered at ten o'clock the next morning, caused a flow of cables between Whitehall and Santa Marta. The Colonial Secretary cabled Templeton that it was proposed to send the destroyer Cheltenham, which was on a training cruise in the Caribbean, to the island. She would stand by "in case of trouble."

The governor smiled when he read it.

That morning there was a meeting of the Executive Council.

"I have what I am sure will be reassuring news," the governor said after opening the meeting. He informed the council of the warship's visit.

To his surprise, the news proved anything but welcome.

"Nothing could do more harm to our plans for attracting tourists to the island," said one member. "We shall undo all the good that we have done in entertaining those journalists. They are back now in America; we cannot explain to them what the true situation is. They will present an alarmist picture of conditions here. They will scare tourists away."

He spoke with such vigour that the governor was impressed. When the meeting was over, he sent for Whittingham.

"I'm speaking to you off the record," he said to the police chief. "I should like to stop that warship coming here. I am assured that it will be bad publicity for the island's tourist trade. It was a point that I will admit hadn't occurred to me. How much actual danger is there?"

As Whittingham hesitated, the governor produced his final selling point, the one that would be most likely to influence Whittingham.

"I'll tell you how it strikes me: we ought to have sufficient forces in this colony to maintain order here. If we haven't, then we should strengthen our police forces. We ought to be self-sufficient. Are we? But remember I'm not going to hold it against you if there is greater trouble than we have a reason to expect."

To that, Whittingham could give only one answer. "I should have welcomed a man-of-war in the harbour, sir, because its presence would have acted as a deterrent, but I'm sure that we have enough forces to deal with any trouble that can arise."

The governor drafted his Whitehall signal:

TOURIST BOARD CONVINCED THAT UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF WARSHIP WILL SCARE AWAY TOURISTS. POLICE CHIEF UNOFFICIALLY CONSIDERS LOCAL POLICE ADEQUATE ANY LOCAL EMERGENCY. EARNESTLY REQUEST YOU CANCEL ORDERS CHELTENHAM.

The Minister shrugged when he read the message. Trust the man on the spot; yes, that was all very well in principle. But it was the man who appointed the man to the spot who was ultimately responsible. He had taken a risk when he appointed Templeton, a soldier, over the heads of career colonial officials. . . . No, he couldn't have trouble in Santa Marta.

He compromised. Then signalled Templeton:

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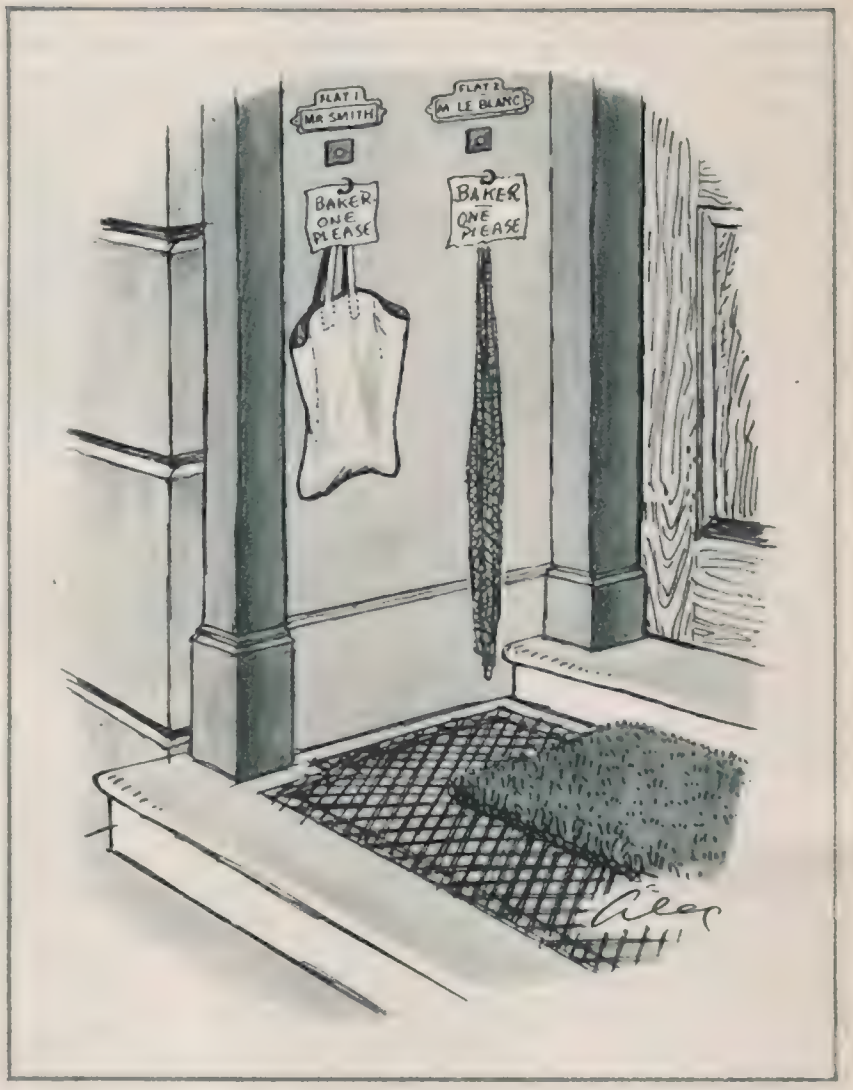

Maxwell Fleury went out as usual before breakfast for the morning roll call of his workers. Nobody was about except the manager. He returned to breakfast with the prospect of an idle, empty day ahead of him. Nothing to do and Sylvia to idle with.

They spent the day drowsily on the beach. That evening they sat on the veranda and played their favourite gramophone records. Maxwell was aware of a deep contentment.

"This is the first day that we've ever had here, just ourselves," Sylvia said.

There could not be many more such days, he told himself.

Maxwell was woken late that night by the sound of drums. The room was dark; the moon had set. Slowly, with the maddening rhythm that never reached a climax, the dull thud of the drums beat across the cane fields. It tore one's nerves, fired one's blood. Night after night of this, followed by long days of slumber—what effect might they not have on men who were used to long hours of work in the heavy sun?

Sylvia must go and stay with his parents. There was no doubt of that. He lay back on the pillow, his hands clasped under his head, waiting for the dawn, for the thud of the drums to cease. He was in a mood that he had heard described as "happy-sad"—the honeymoon was over, but at least he had known what a real honeymoon was like.

They left shortly before nine. Sylvia had little packing to do. She kept a wardrobe full of clothes in Jamestown. Maxwell was to return that night.

"The animals would starve if I wasn't here to see them fed," he said. "To say nothing of how much would be stolen from the house."

He spoke lightly. It was easy to speak lightly now. Now when the sun was mounting in the sky it seemed impossible for any misfortune to befall Belfontaine. But four hours earlier, in the dark, with the drums beating, that had been another matter.

They arrived in Jamestown at a quarter to eleven. He drove to his father's house. His father was at the office, but his mother was at home. While Sylvia went off upstairs to unpack, he stayed with his mother in the drawing-room.

"I think it was wise—don't you?—to bring Sylvia in," he said.

"I'm sure that it was very wise."

"I think she'll miss not being there. She's very happy out there now."

"I'm glad of that."

"I suppose you must have wondered sometimes during this last year whether you oughtn't to have discouraged us from marrying so young. It didn't look as though it were working out very well. But I'm so grateful to you for not having discouraged us." He took his mother's hand. "I'm more grateful to you than I can say for everything."

His mother flushed. *I was always her favourite*, he thought.

"Don't say anything, Mother darling, but remember that. I must run round to the office now."

HE went from the office to the police station. Whittingham was alone, with a heap of files upon his desk.

"I've brought you back *Crime and Punishment*," Maxwell told him.

"Fine! You see what I mean now, don't you?" Whittingham swung round in his chair. "You can understand, now, why I've read that book so often. It's very comforting, very assuring for a policeman. It reminds him that, in the long run, ninety-nine times in a hundred he's bound to win. The criminal gives himself away. He keeps looking over his shoulder for his shadow. That is what betrays him. You see how Raskolnikov gave himself away, fainting in the police station. And when he was recovering from his illness, lying on his sofa in a torpor, never displaying interest in anything that was discussed except the murder; and then all those conversations of his with the policeman: his absorption in the murder. First of all the detective suspects, finally he knows."

"But he has no proof. Raskolnikov would never have been caught unless he had confessed."

"Ah, but that's the point: the criminal is always impelled to a confession; until he confesses he is a prisoner. I'm speaking, mark you, of the intelligent criminal. Most murders are committed as a

means of escape, by someone who feels himself imprisoned by lack of money, a rival in love, a wife he no longer loves. He cannot live fully till he is free: with money, without a rival, rid of matrimony.

"That is what he tells himself. What happens, though? The very opposite. He is imprisoned by a sense of guilt, by a fear of discovery and, worst of all, by his loneliness. And remember this man has a fetish about freedom. He cares so much for freedom that he will commit murder."

"But he may not have committed a murder to escape," Maxwell said.

Whittingham was wrong there, and Whittingham had got so much right that he must be shown where he had got it wrong.

"The murder might have been committed by mistake," he pointed out. "Suppose two men start a fight, suppose one of them falls, strikes his head against a sharp corner. You often see that happen in the films."

"Yes, you often see it in films."

"It happens in real life, too, doesn't it?"

"Why shouldn't it?"

"Or it might happen the way it did in Carson's case?"

"And how was that?"

"The way we agreed, don't you remember? A man flinging his arms sideways as he fell; the other kneeling over him, his knees pinioning the arms, his hands at the throat, seeing red, beating the head against the floor, not realizing what he was doing till the man was dead."

"And is that how we agreed that it might have happened?"

"Don't you remember?"

"Do I? Possibly. Yes, I think I do. Of course we did! I remember now."

"And in that case it wouldn't be premeditated. It wouldn't be a case of escaping out of one prison and entering another."

"No, that's right, it wouldn't. You know, when I think of that poor devil who killed Carson—I mean poor devil, too—I don't bear him any ill-will. Who am I to judge anyone?—you know how I feel? I want to go up to him and take him by the arm and tell him not to worry. 'I'll do my best for you,' I want to say. 'Tell me the way it happened. We'll probably get it fixed as manslaughter. That might mean only five years and the sentence could be remitted for good behaviour; it might be only three years. Three years isn't a big price to pay for your peace of mind. Come now, tell me.' That's what I'd like to say to him."

Maxwell felt himself grow drowsy. What a relief it would be, to relax; to throw off his burden, not of guilt—he felt no guilt—but of isolation. To meet human beings again on equal terms, even if he met them as a criminal; to break down this barrier of false pretences. He could see himself some day in this office, talking, while Whittingham swung himself round in his chair, listening, nodding his head, interjecting a comment or a question. One day he would break free from this prison of his isolation. One day, but not now, not yet.

He stood up. "I mustn't waste your time. Besides, I've things to do. I must get back to Belfontaine."

He closed the door behind him. He was trembling. One day he would come here, as he had this afternoon: on some excuse or other, to return a book or discuss the security of his estate. But he would not leave this way. He would enter a free man and step out a prisoner.

To be concluded next week

WISDOM—4

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CUT OUT AND KEEP FOR REFERENCE

Fergus and the fiery redhead

Continued from page 21

promptly turned it down. But it wasn't long before he was having second thoughts. He realized that, with a secure and well-paid berth with Atlantic Towage, he would have some kind of support and protection to offer Fiona and her father when their own crazy outfit finally foundered.

The more he thought about it, the more convinced he was that this was the answer to the situation, and in the end he made up his mind to take the job. He wasn't happy about it, though. He wasn't at all happy at the thought of having to tell Fiona.

He told her one evening as they were walking away from the tug after the day's work. Fiona was going home, and Fergus was bound for his small, bare room at the Misses Laings' seamen's boarding-house.

"Fiona," Fergus said, taking his courage in both hands, "I'm leaving."

Fiona stopped dead in her tracks and stared at him blankly. "Leaving?"

Fergus swallowed hard. "Atlantic Towage have offered me a job."

"And . . . you're going to take it?"

Fergus nodded. He couldn't trust himself to speak. And he couldn't face the astonishment and the beginnings of reproach in Fiona's eyes.

"But what about us? What about Father?" Fiona said.

"Well," Fergus said, "I'm doing it for your father's sake, in a way. And yours, too—ours, I mean. I——" He broke off, groping helplessly for the words he needed to explain.

Fiona had recovered herself. "Go on, Fergus," she said, very quietly.

"Well," Fergus said again, "it's just that Atlantic Towage have offered me a mate's berth, and I've decided to take it. The money's good, and a time is coming when we'll need it. I mean; when your father has to pack up——"

"And who said anything about Father packing up?"

"Nobody," Fergus said miserably. "But he's going to have to soon. He can't go on much longer, the way things are——"

"You mean you don't believe in Father any more?" Fiona accused him fiercely.

"I mean I can see what things are coming to and he can't," retorted Fergus, stung by her tone. "I think a lot of him, but he's an obstinate old devil. He doesn't know when he's beaten."

"And you think he is?"

"Of course he is," Fergus said. "If he doesn't have the sense to give up and sell out soon, he's going to be in a proper mess. That's why I'm taking this job. At least we'll have a roof over our heads——"

"We?" Fiona asked. Her eyes were like green ice.

"The three of us," Fergus said.

Fiona averted her head. She didn't answer, and Fergus began to hope that things were going to be all right.

"Well?" he asked anxiously, after a while.

Fiona looked at him again. "Father's had such great hopes for the future since you came," she said. "And so did I, until just now."

Fergus's heart sank.

"I can remember exactly what you said to me," Fiona went on remorselessly. "You said: 'He's got someone young now . . . not a member of the family exactly . . . but we could do something about that too. If'"—her voice shook a little—"if I liked the idea."

"I meant every word of it," Fergus said. "I still mean it."

"But all the same you're going to walk out on us?"

Fergus drew a deep, desperate breath. "I've told you I'm only doing what I think is for the best."

"Then," Fiona said quietly, "I don't think I do like the idea any more." And she turned on her heel and walked away.

Fergus stood helplessly, watching her go. Her quick, proud step never faltered. She didn't look back.

FIONA wouldn't speak to Fergus again, in spite of all his appeals. He could get nowhere with her at all.

He told Jock Anderson how things stood, and the old man was very reasonable. He told Fergus he thought he was making a very sensible move in joining Atlantic Towage, although he himself was obviously still not to be persuaded that his own company was in queer street.

He couldn't give Fergus much comfort where Fiona was concerned. "I've tried to tell her you're making the change for the best, laddie," he said, "but she won't have it. Or, rather, she knows it all right, but she's too proud to admit it. You told her we're not going to make a go of things here, and that's what really hurt."

In the days that followed, Fergus very nearly gave in; very nearly, but not quite. If Fiona was stubborn and wilful, so was he. He was going to show her that he was right, and that was all there was to it.

So Fergus went to Atlantic Towage, as mate aboard the Thruster to

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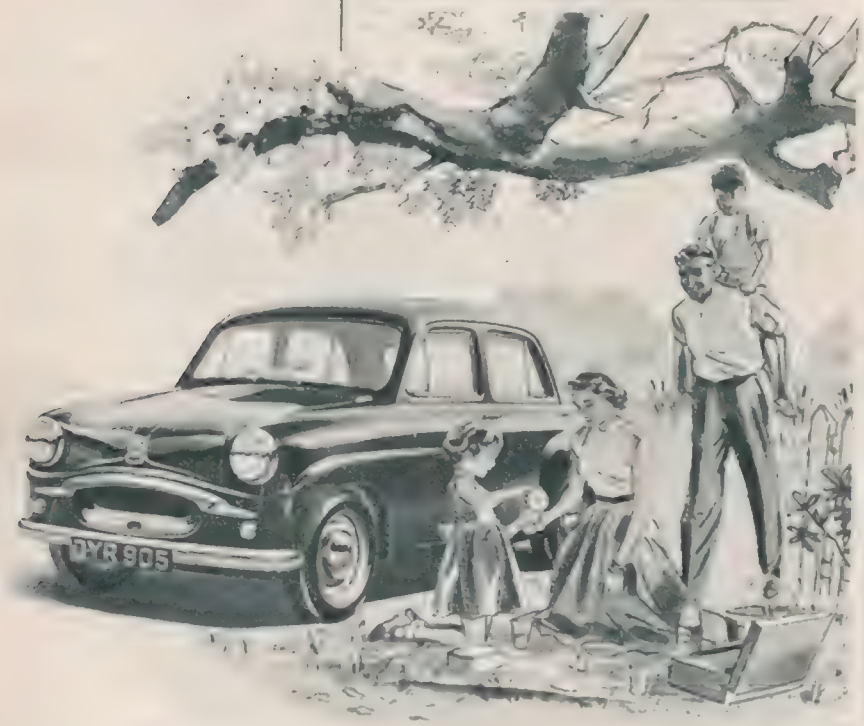

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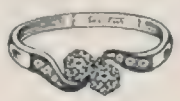
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ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

"I've just thought, Sarge—know where we've slipped up?"

Captain Mackay, who was six foot four and jet black bearded and a proper unholy devil of a man. The Thruster was the very latest thing in ocean-going tugs, and Fergus walked her fine, smart bridge and did his work well, and was more wretched in heart than he had ever thought anyone could be.

Fiona showed no signs of coming round. She passed him on the water-front with her head proud and high. He called at the Anderson's house but she wouldn't see him. He wrote her laborious, pleading little letters, and never got a word in reply.

He was glad when winter came on, with its gales and rain and snow and cold. The work was harder now, but it kept his mind off other things. . . .

The great storm was a sou'-westerly, blowing in off the sea in the bleak last

WISDOM—5

A wise man sees as much as he ought, not as much as he can.

Montaigne

days of the year. It came gusting up the river in a raw, grey twilight, and by nightfall the river was a black hell of darkness and blown spray.

It was in the pitch dark small hours of the night that a gust not of wind but of high excitement came blowing through Dunleven. A ship was in difficulties down the coast. She was a big new Swedish motor job. Trouble with her main bearings had stopped her engines, her anchors could find no holding ground, and the whole weight of the wind was setting her fast on to a cruel lee shore.

Down at the harbour, there were suddenly lights and men. Fergus was rousted out of bed. The tugs were going out. This was the great chance, the one great chance there might ever be. There were lives to be saved out there, and much money to be plucked into port.

The Thruster was the first Atlantic tug away. There would have been hell to pay if she hadn't been. Captain Mackay would have seen to that.

The Thruster was the first Atlantic vessel away, but she was not the first tug. Another boat was coming out from the other side of the harbour, a sturdy, battered old boat with a tall funnel that cut in ahead in the very entrance itself, flirting her disreputable stern so close under the Thruster's bows that Mackay had to ring down for half speed to let her clear.

The Fiona!

For a moment Mackay couldn't speak. Then he roared: "Damned, crazy old fool of an all-fired lunatic! Where in hell d'you think you're going?"

Fergus, up on the bridge with Captain Mackay, suddenly felt sick inside. He knew where the Fiona was going. He reckoned Jock Anderson must finally have taken leave of his wits. Out ahead in the storm and the night was the prize the old man had always dreamed about, and that, no doubt, was the only thought in his head. He was going out, oblivious of the fact that he hadn't a hope against the Thruster and the other Atlantic tugs.

The Fiona cleared the harbour entrance with the big Atlantic tug nudging her stern and, once out in the river, the Thruster passed the older boat as though she had suddenly run aground. The Fiona's steaming lights vanished in the raging night astern.

The Thruster punched ahead through the howling blackness. There was a vicious sea running in the river, and the night was stone blind with sheeting rain. The big tug wasn't bothered at all. She drove effortlessly through the seas, and in her radar cabin she had an unfailing electronic eye.

She was ahead of the field. The prize was as good as hers. Captain Mackay banged Fergus on the back in glee, and Fergus could have killed him.

A stream of wireless messages were coming in from the stricken vessel. She was getting dangerously close in, drifting helplessly in a sea that was a seething nightmare.

The Thruster drove on at full power, with Mackay stalking the bridge and punching his great fist against the bridge rail in his impatience to get there. It was an exasperating trip because, although the Swedish ship was directly distant from Dunleven not more than ten miles, the Thruster was having to steam more like thirty, right out and round the Skallag rocks before she could safely turn down the coast.

While Mackay muttered and roared and thumped the bridge, Fergus stood hunched up in gloomy silence. Now and then the excitement of the venture touched him, but only for a passing moment. Most of the time his thoughts were with the Fiona labouring far astern. He wondered whether Jock had come sufficiently to his senses yet to turn back. . . .

But—was she far astern? The thought came to him suddenly that Jock might try the passage through the Gullet, which would save a good fifteen miles' steaming. The idea panicked him for a moment, for in such weather that would surely mean the end of the Fiona and everyone aboard her. But then he calmed down. Jock might be crazy, but he was not a suicidal maniac.

SIGNALS were still coming in from the Swedish ship. And after a while there came one that really put the cat among the pigeons on the Thruster's bridge.

"Am receiving assistance," the message read. "Am about to take a tow rope."

Captain Mackay didn't believe it. He roared for confirmation, and got it. Then he went berserk. He danced a

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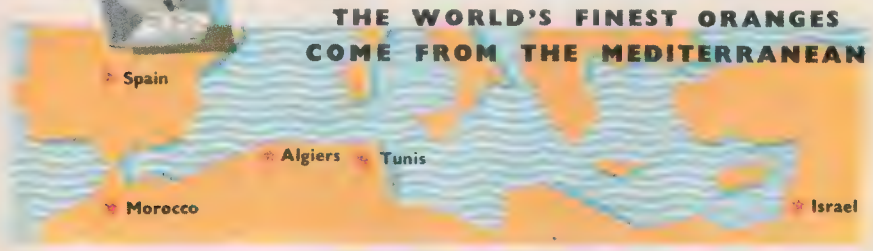

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clumsy bear dance about the bridge in his rage.

The Fiona? Fergus thought wildly. But it couldn't be. He said: "Another ship must have got to her."

"What ship?" Mackay bellowed at him. "What other blasted ship?" He yelled down at the wireless-room: "Who's got her? Find out what the roaring blazes is going on out there!"

The message was passed. There was no answer.

"What do we do now?" Fergus asked.

"Do?" Mackay yelled at him in savage, baulked fury. "We get there. This is a job for a tug, not some damned old tin can with a bit of cod line over the stern."

THE Thruster reached the area. With the disabled ship close under the mass of the land, the big tug's radar was little use, and Mackay roared for the searchlight. The powerful beam snapped on, searching the seething hummocks ahead.

"There she is!" Fergus called out abruptly, as the light picked up a patch of stark white close in under the looming land. And there she was all right; six thousand tons or so of beautiful salvage.

"What's got her?" Mackay growled.

The light swung, whipping along the bar-taut line of the tow rope to the towing vessel. It shone on a tall, thin funnel that was making a prodigious amount of smoke.

Mackay's great, black-bearded jaw dropped.

"What the——?" he began.

Fergus gripped the bridge rail hard. "It's Jock!" He didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "He did it! He came out through the Gullet, the way he brings the scows out."

He could still scarcely believe it. But the proof was there, in the cold glare of the searchlight beam.

Mackay got some sort of grip on himself. "He'll never hold her with that old kettle," he muttered.

He was wrong. With her engines groaning and her boilers hissing steam through the safety valves, the Fiona held her charge and stopped the drift towards the murderous shore. Then slowly she made a little headway, hesitated, and then went ahead again. Gradually the gap widened between the helpless ship and the shore.

The Thruster stood by, waiting for the old tug to lose ground or break down. But Jock was nursing his tow. He had arrived first. It was his salvage. His would be the lion's share, and he wasn't losing it now. He knew he must have assistance, if not now, then up the narrow river, but he bided his time. . . .

Hours later, when the Fiona went triumphantly up the river with her tow, the Thruster was alongside the Swedish ship, acting as her main engines. The rest of the disconsolate Atlantic fleet was still standing by. Captain Mackay was getting drunk in his cabin while Fergus kept the bridge.

The storm had blown itself out, but a fine gale of emotions was still blowing about inside Fergus. He was proud beyond telling of the Fiona and the gallant little company aboard her, and at the same time he knew he had no right to be. He exulted in her triumph, and was as heartsick as a man could be that he had had no part in it.

His heart swelled at the thought of what this night's work would mean to Jock. The ship he had brought in was a fine new vessel, and he had plucked her away from certain destruction. He would get most of the salvage award. It would be big money, money and to spare to turn the Caledonian Towage And Salvage Company into as smart an outfit as there was anywhere.

Then his feelings contracted again into a hard knot of misery at the thought of Fiona. . . .

She was right. He'd not had enough loyalty, enough faith. And so he had lost her.

He went ashore as soon as the Thruster got back to harbour. He went back and up to his bare and lonely little room. He knew what he was going to do. He was going to clear out. He was going to pack up with Atlantic Towage and clear right out of Dunleven. He was going to go down to Liverpool or somewhere, and get himself a berth aboard some ship that would take him across to the other side of the world as quickly as possible. He wasn't going to waste time either. He was going to go down to Atlantic Towage and tell them he was clearing out right now, today.

He got off the chair and slung his bag savagely on to the bed. Into it he threw the few bits and pieces of his possessions.

He had the bag in his hand and was half-way to the door when he heard a murmur of voices in the house below, and then quick, light footsteps running upstairs. There came a tap at his door, and a voice called: "Fergus?"

Fergus stopped dead, his heart thumping against his ribs. He stepped back, put the bag down on the bed.

"Come in," he called. His voice sounded queer, and his knees felt horribly weak.

The door opened and Fiona came in. She stood facing Fergus. Her hair was tousled just the way it had been that morning, now long past, when Fergus had first set eyes on her and become a lost soul. And there was a higher colour in her cheeks than usual, just possibly caused by the same bit of a breeze, all that was left of the gale, that was now blowing gently outside.

"Hallo, Fergus," she said. She sounded breathless, as though she had been running.

"Fiona," Fergus said. He couldn't get anything out except her name, and even that came out as a croak.

"I had to see you, Fergus," Fiona said. "I—I couldn't wait. I'd been hoping that you'd be down at the harbour when we got in. I couldn't bear it when you weren't, so I came up here."

Fergus said dully: "That was a wonderful job you did last night. Congratulations!"

"Thank you, Fergus," Fiona said. "It *is* wonderful, isn't it? Dad always said he'd do it, and he has."

"I never dreamed he'd got a chance, with that old tub," Fergus said. "I——"

Fiona's eyes flashed. "Exactly what old tub are you referring to?" She closed the door behind her.

"I—I mean it was a grand job of work, and I'm glad for you, glad for you both," Fergus said hastily. He

WISDOM—6

Every man is a damn fool for at least five minutes every day; wisdom consists in not exceeding the limit.

Elbert Hubbard

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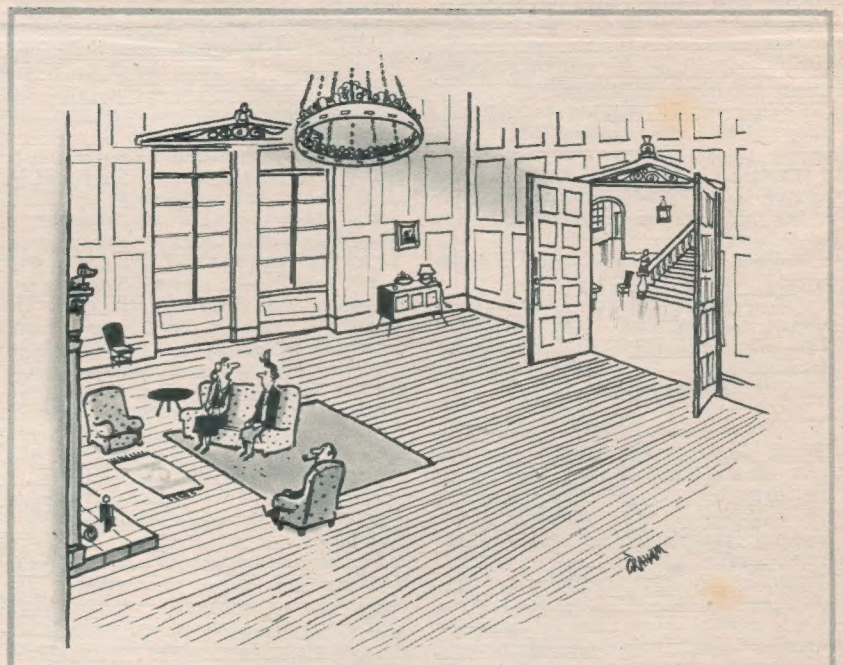

"We couldn't afford anything smaller"

paused, and then went on: "Fiona . . . I'm going away."

Fiona saw the bag on the bed and caught her breath. "And where, exactly," she asked, "might you be going?"

"Just away." Fergus forced himself to meet her eyes. "I had my chance and I missed it," he said simply. "You were right, and I was wrong. That's all there is to it. I was no good to you, and the sooner I'm gone the better."

He picked up the bag and moved towards the door. Fiona barred his path.

"Walking out on us again, are you?" she demanded.

"Fiona . . ." Fergus said helplessly.

Fiona gently took the bag and put it down on the floor. "You're not going until I've talked to you," she said. She took both Fergus's hands. "In fact you're not going at all. I never heard such nonsense."

"But. . . ."

"You weren't wrong at all," Fiona said. "What you did was sensible and good and kind." She gave him a little shake and smiled up at him. "Ask Father. He's always said so. He's never stopped trying to tell me so."

"But . . . you wouldn't speak to me," Fergus said. "You wouldn't look at me. You didn't answer my letters."

He paused, bewildered.

Fiona edged a little closer to him. "Oh, Fergus, you are such a dear, silly boy. Can't you see it was just pride? I was hurt, and, although I knew you were right, I was stubborn." Her grip on his hands tightened. "And I couldn't come back because we had nothing to offer you. Can't you see that?"

Fergus was silent, trying to work it all out.

"But everything's different now," Fiona said. "Father's got great plans, and so have I." She added softly: "And they all include you."

They stood looking at each other. There was a long silence, broken at last by the sound of footsteps on the stairs, followed by a fierce little whispering on the landing outside Fergus's door. The Misses Agatha and Annie Laing were in anxious consultation as to what might be going on in their young lodger's room.

Fiona edged a little closer still to Fergus. She said demurely, looking gravely up at him: "You haven't any choice really, Fergus dear. You can't walk out on me and not marry me now, not after me being alone in the bedroom here with you, and Miss Annie and Miss Agatha fair scandalized outside——"

If Miss Annie and Miss Agatha had come in a moment later, "fair scandalized" would have been a poor way of putting it. THE END

The man in disguise

Continued from page 14

I asked about her, I was told a great event had taken place.

Jeanne had been suddenly revealed as an heiress, dowered with an estate of more than a million francs left to her by some long-lost relative. But the estate was in another village, and the bequest had come to her on condition that she went to live in the other village at once.

Furthermore, she was not permitted to tell where it was. *Eh bien*, she had, therefore, vanished.

So had, incidentally, Linne, the mushroom hunter.

I had to admire Monsieur le Duc's recovery. Although he could not call off the starlets, perhaps he could, by a bold stroke, lure away their prey.

Thus he had arranged for Jeanne to disappear, but obviously Jeanne would not leave without telling Linneus Stapp where she was going. Obviously, also, if Linneus Stapp was really interested in her as a possible discovery, he would follow her. Now, apparently, the plan had worked beautifully and they were both in some other village, safely away from the pack in full cry of aspiring actresses.

A BUSINESS trip to Italy intervened and it was a week or so before I saw Monsieur le Duc in order to congratulate him.

He said coldly: "Thank you, my friend. But a kindness is its own reward."

His manner strongly indicated to me that something had gone wrong. I asked him if the affair was not marching well.

"Quite well."

"He wants Jeanne for his picture?" I inquired.

"So he says."

"You've talked to him?"

"Today."

"Then it seems to me you're in clover."

"Unfortunately, I will not share in her success, as I am no longer her guardian. I have been replaced," he announced.

"Replaced?"

"By Linneus Stapp."

I said: "I don't understand."

"They were married yesterday," Monsieur le Duc said in a choked voice.

There was a silence. I could think of nothing to say except to wonder if he had asked her on the day she said he would.

"Having become wealthy, while he was still only a poor mushroom hunter, she spared him the embarrassment," Monsieur le Duc said. "I understand that she asked him." THE END

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Hurrah For Spring And	Stands Out A Mile
Our Rude Forefathers	Cleaning Up
Storming The Citadel	A Bewildering Maze
Sacrificed	Needs Skill
With Things As They Are	Grandpa's Mistake
A Black Day	"Is It Safe?"
The One She Loves	Throwing His Money About

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

There's Always....., So	Following The.....
.....In The Garden	With A Long.....
Not A Bit Of.....	Another.....To Conquer

POST ENTRY: "Bullets" 2,029, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated April 7), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 24, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,029 result.)

WIN £1,000 plus IDEAL KITCHEN with THIS COUPON

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

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B.

EX. ..... 6d.

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EX. ..... 6d.

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EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

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2,029

Closing Postmark MONDAY, MAR. 12

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

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Value.....

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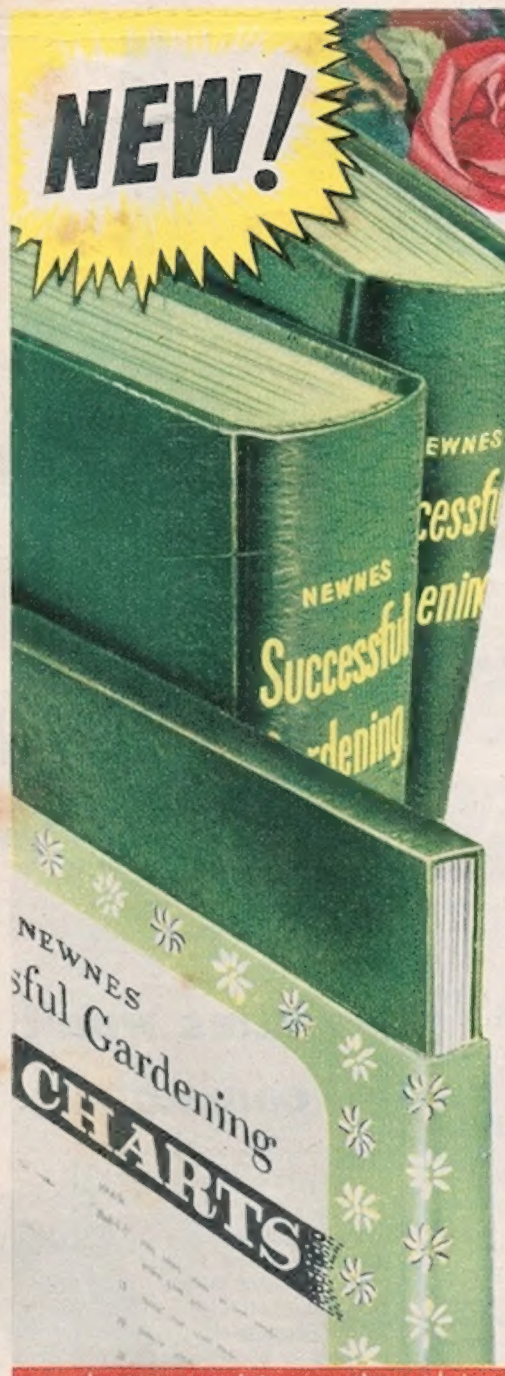

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